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The whole illustrated
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CONTENTS

Madonna, by **Curtis King**, 3
 New Tales of the Arabian Nights, Sindbad in the Land of Jinn,
 by **Richard Corben and Jan Strnad**, 5
 Going Native, by **Enki Bilal**, 9
 The Phantom Ship, by **Rodolphe and Rouge**, 17
 Gideon Faust, by **Howard Chaykin and Len Wein**, 25
 The Garage, by **Moebius**, 33, 62
 The Strange Mission, by **Picotto**, 36
 In Between Then and Now, by **Arthur Cover**;
 illustration by **Michael Presley**, 42
 Alien, by **Paul Scanlon and Michael Gross**, 45
 Time Out, by **Val Mayerik**, 54
 Starcrown, by **John Pocsik**;
 photo-illustrations by **The Bruce Jones Studio**, 64
 Only Connect: One-Way Ticket, by **Alias**, 73
 No Love Lost, by **Chaland**, 78
 Pyloon, by **Leo Giroux and Ray Rue**, 82
 The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 88
 So Beautiful and So Dangerous, by **Angus McKie**, 89

... Twenty-five ... 4

Chain-Mail, 72

Front cover, *The Brain Cloudy Blues*, by **Clyde Caldwell**

Back cover, *Gidget Meets the Squirrel Dogs
 from Outer Space*, by **Larry Elmore**

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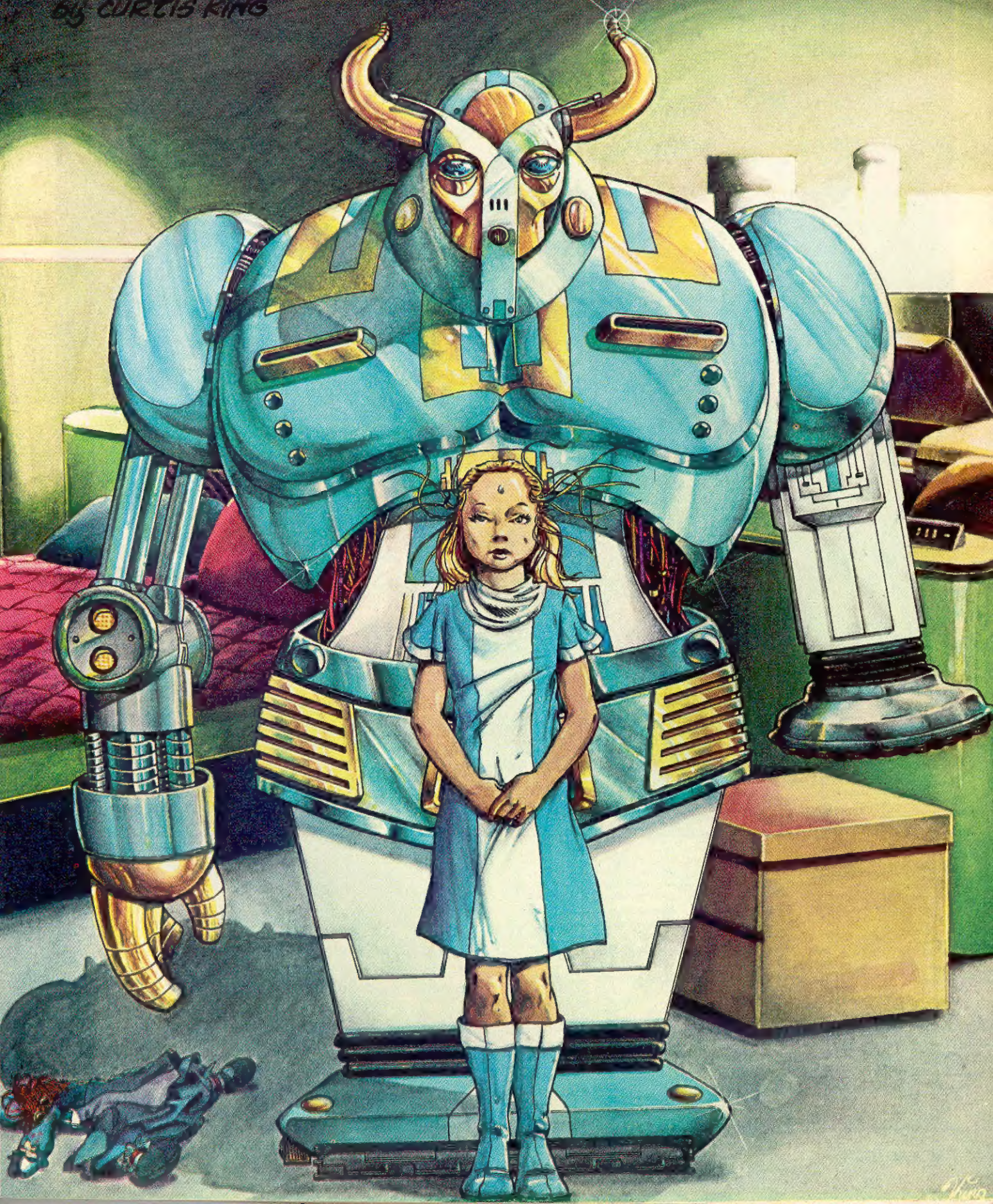
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MADONNA

by CURTIS KING



...TWENTY-FIVE...

We happen to know, personally, two people who have actually *seen Alien*. They convinced Twentieth Century-Fox that they couldn't possibly do the portfolio of stills and designs from the film planned for this issue without seeing it. They were flown to England, blindfolded at Heathrow, driven to a screening room somewhere, watched, were sworn to secrecy according to some ancient Sicilian rite, and returned to us, safe but not necessarily sound. Both are s/f horror movie buffs, given to patronizing laughter at most allegedly terrorizing flicks. Both were scared, in their mutually elegant phrase "shitless."

Next month, we will offer the beginning chapters of the illustrated version of *Alien*. Soon, we will bring you *The Book of Alien*, the story of the film's design and production, and *Alien: the Illustrated Story*, a full-length book version. All on the strength of Paul and Michael's assurance that it will scare you shitless, too. There's nothing we won't do for our loyal readers.

Howie Chaykin's latest Gideon Faust adventure, also 'twixt these covers, might also make a dynamite film. Musical? One-act play? Rock opera? The anti-totalitarian Mr. Chaykin is open to offers.

This is our second anniversary issue, so we're all giving each other presents. Wish you were here.

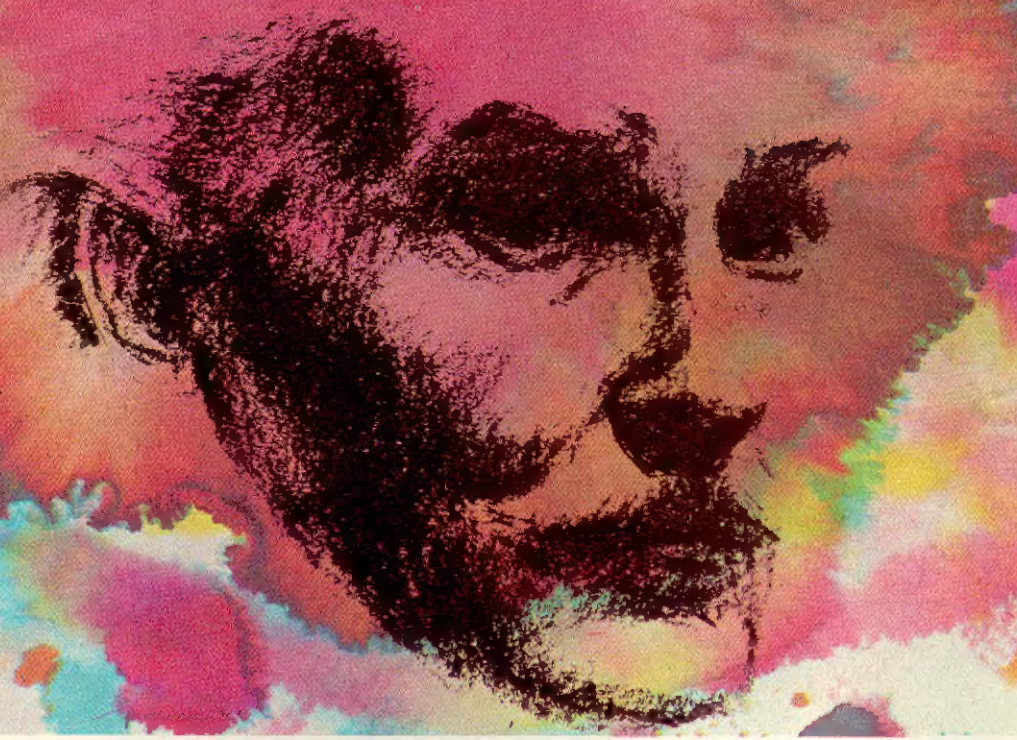


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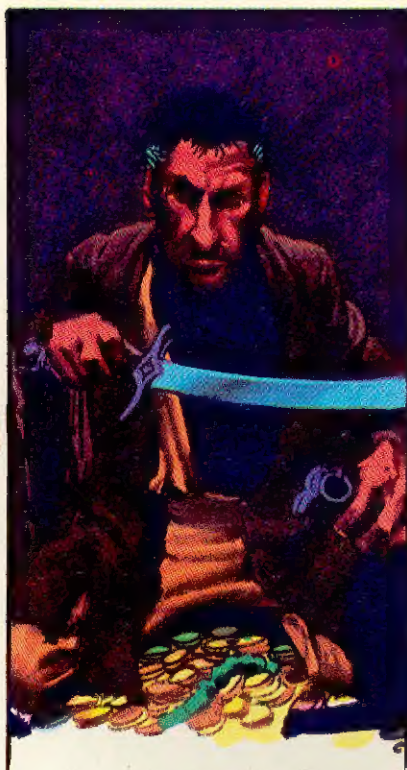
"I came to my senses, darkly aware that several hours could have passed while I lay unconscious. What little time I had to free my friends was certainly drawing to a close."



Sindbad
in The
Land of the Jinn

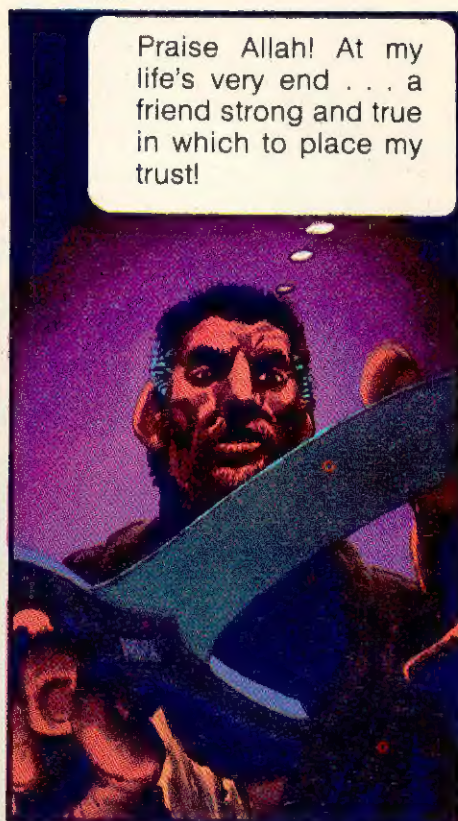


"I dug through the mounds of treasure, frantic and fearful as a rat, in search of a weapon for my final confrontation with Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif. I scorned many a fine-trimmed but fragile blade . . ."



"...selecting, finally, a common sword with centuries of hard use apparent in its sturdy features."

"To my amazement the edge was still keen."

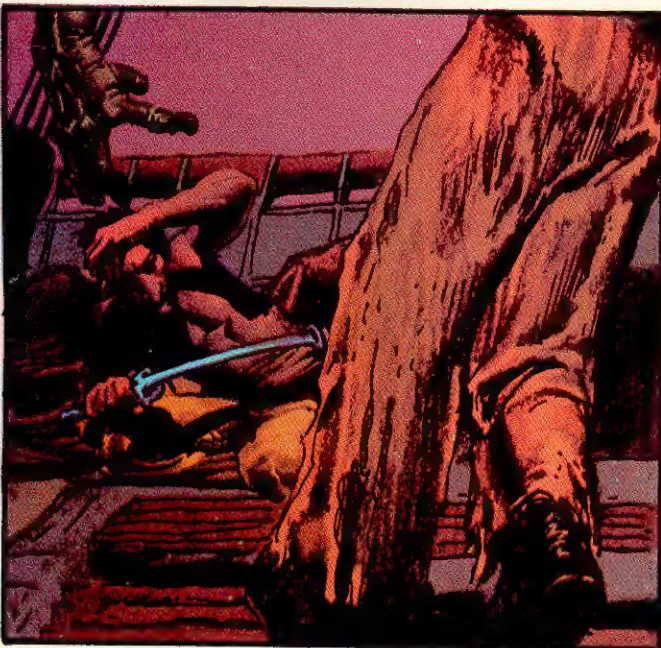
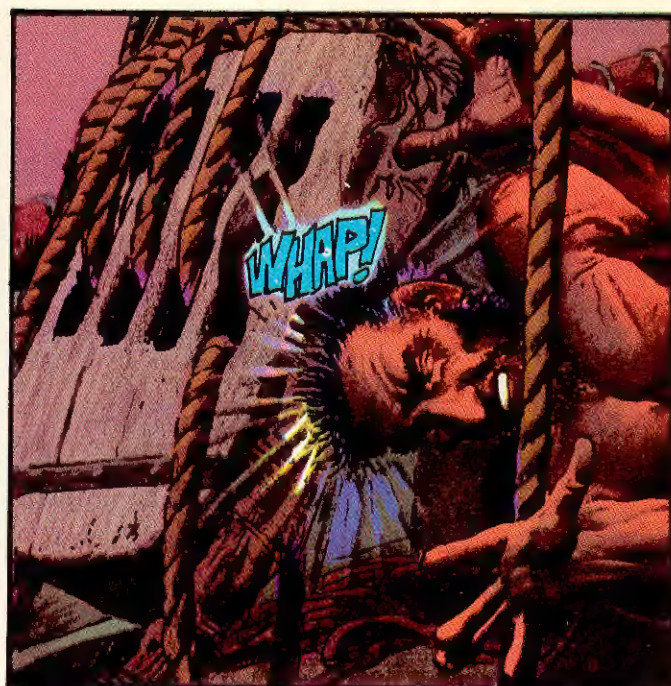
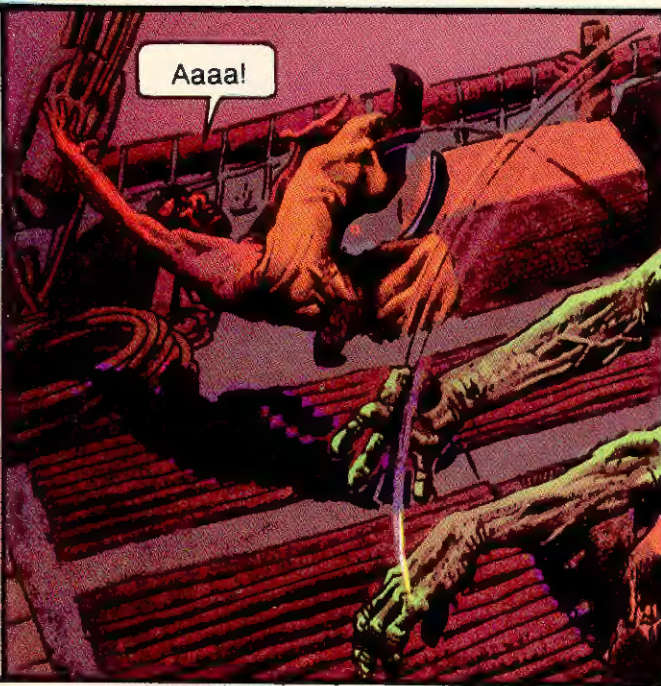


Praise Allah! At my life's very end . . . a friend strong and true in which to place my trust!



"I climbed cautiously to the upper deck, and . . . I was certain . . . to my death."





"At the sound of his name, the devil that was Judar hesitated and loosened his grip. So this was the fate of my caravan and former friends ... the fate I'd brought upon them!"

By the love of Allah,
what have I done
to you, my friend ... ?

"For a moment, recognition
seemed to glimmer in Judar's
eyes ..."

"... and then was gone."

RAARGH!

Allah have mercy
on my soul

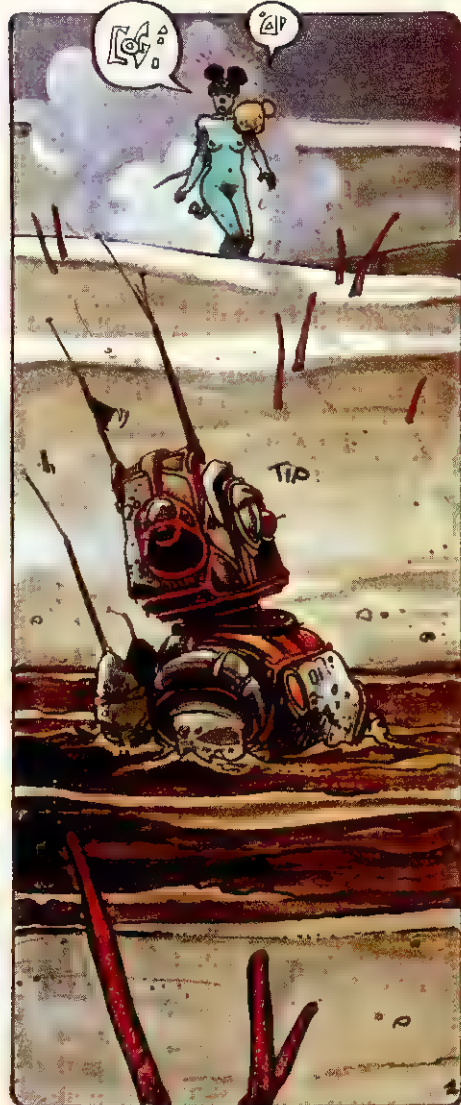
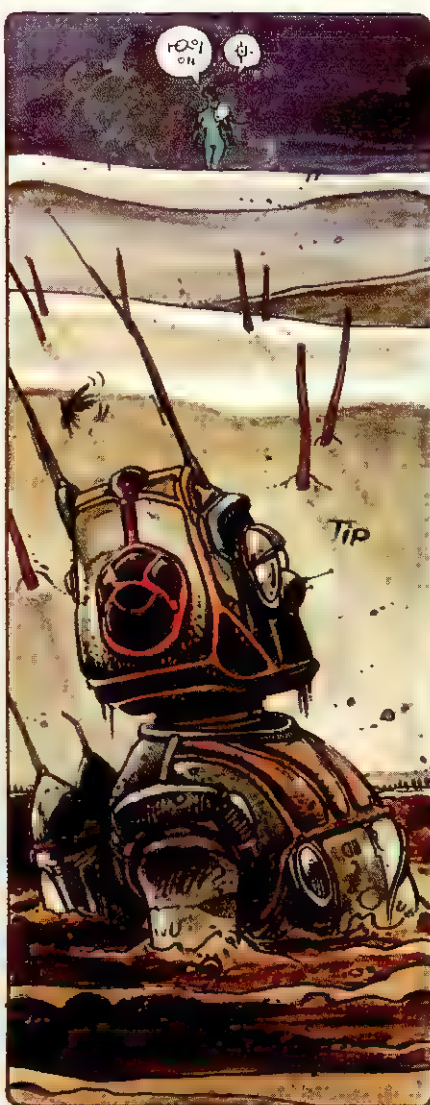
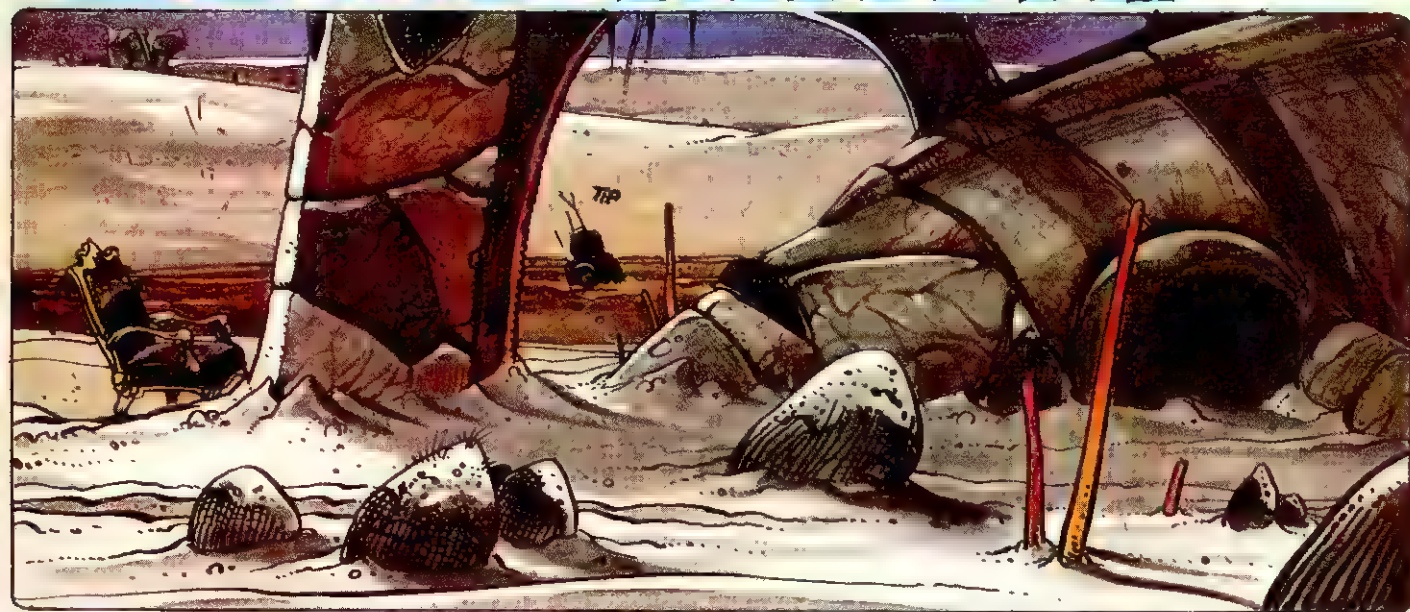
AAAAGGI!

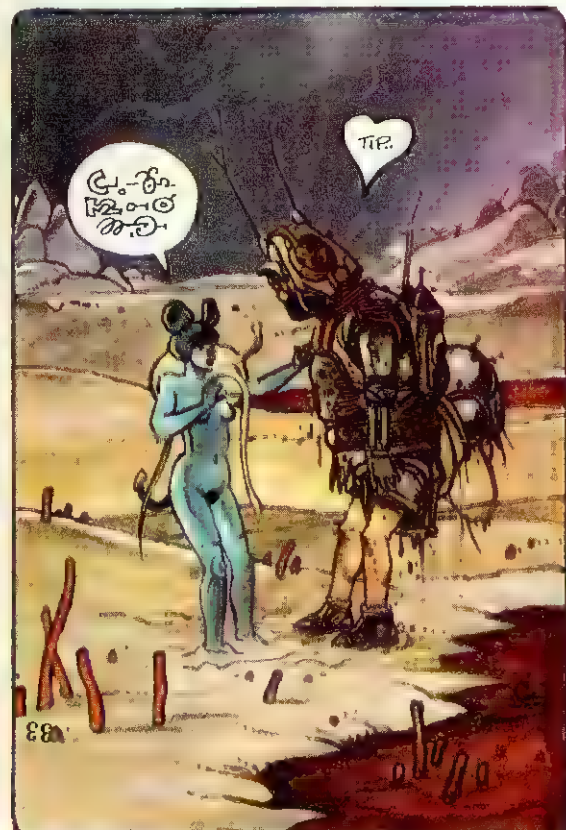
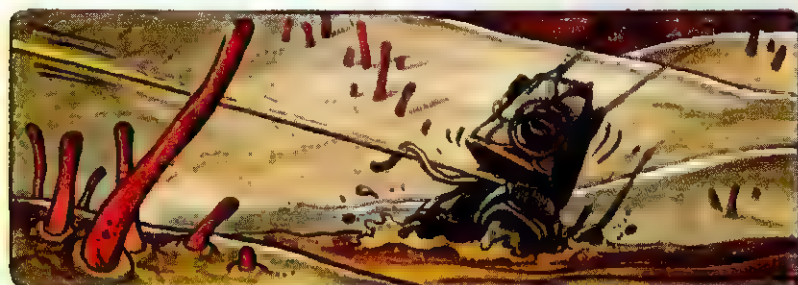
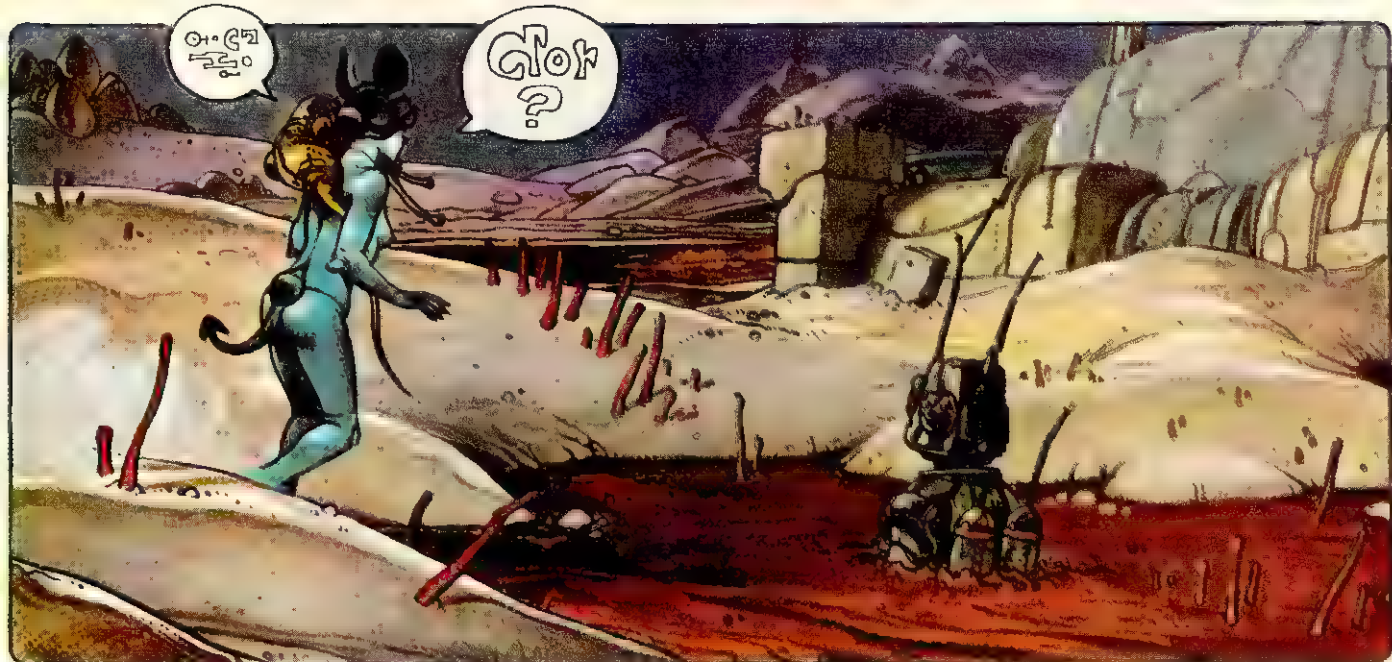
GRIN-CHUNK!

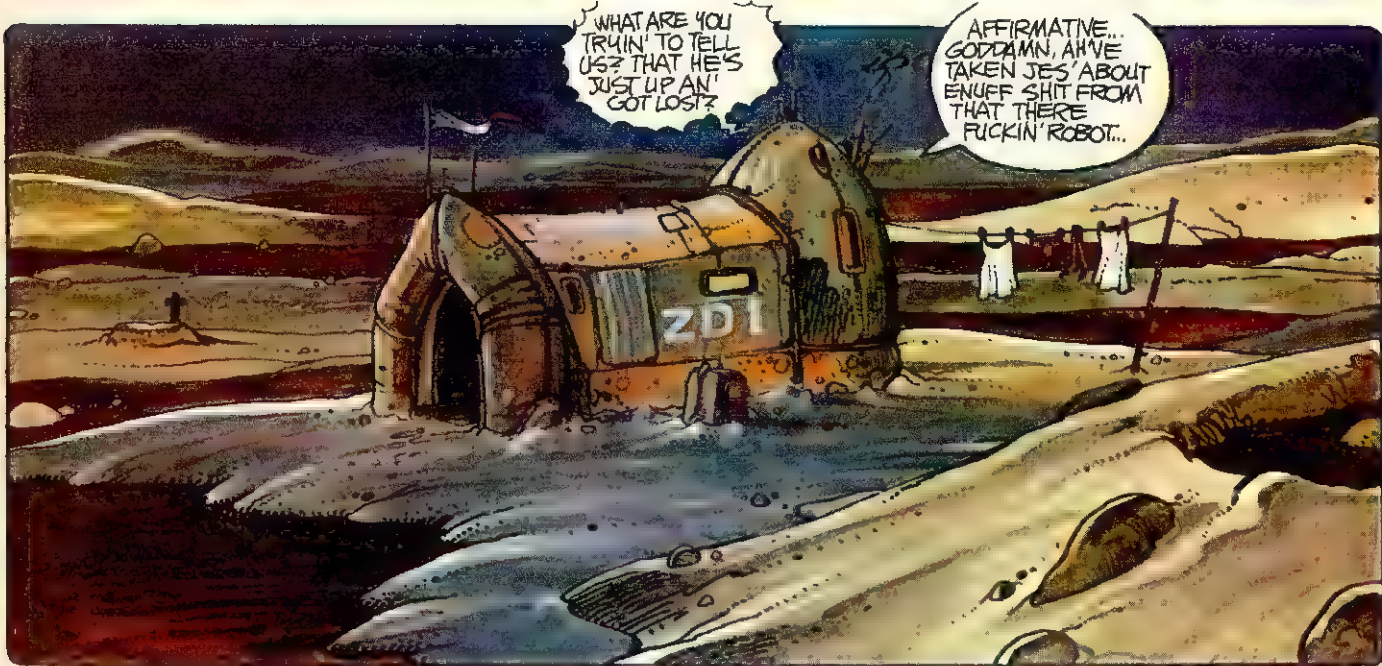
to be continued

GOING NATIVE

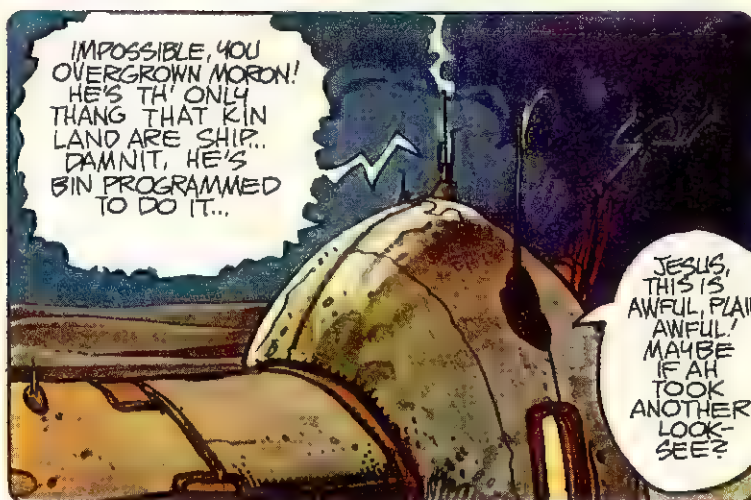
B4
ENKI
BILAL



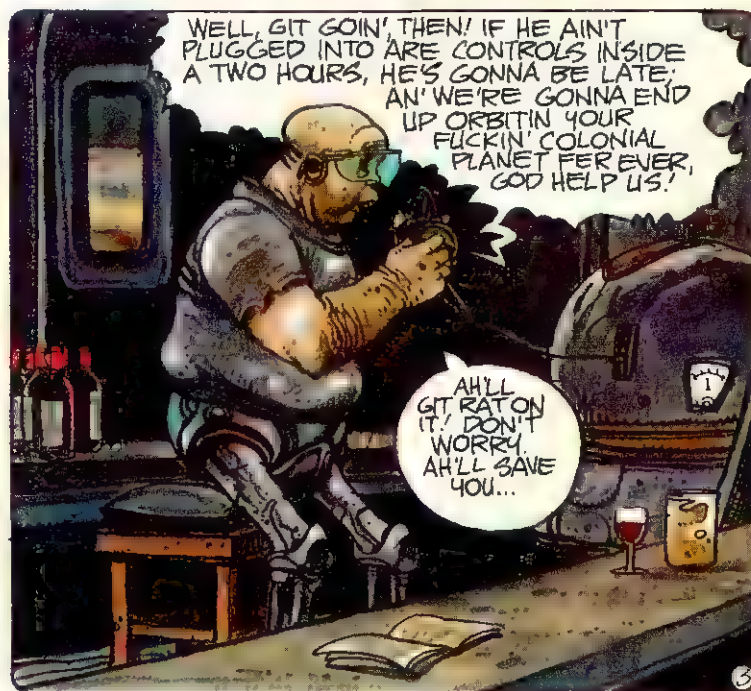




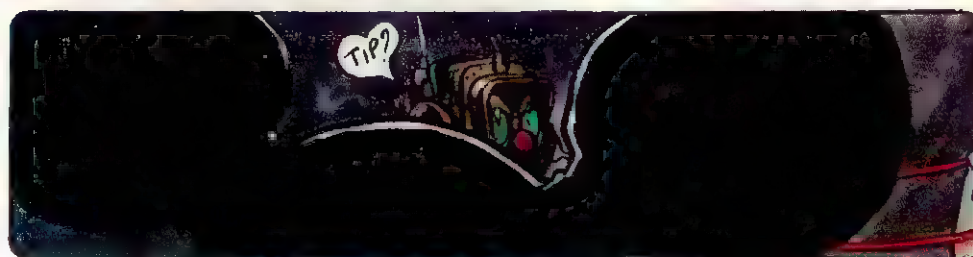
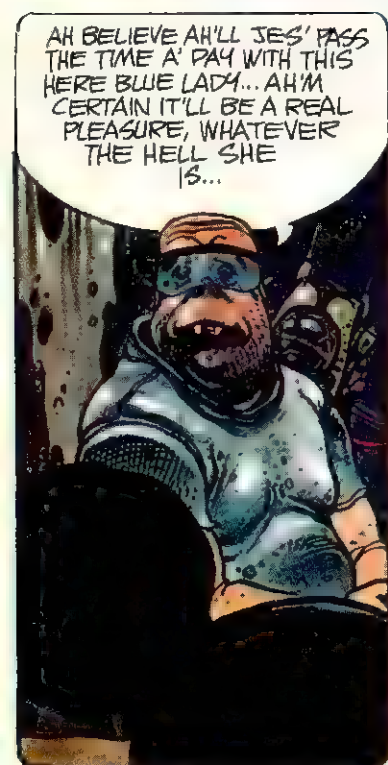
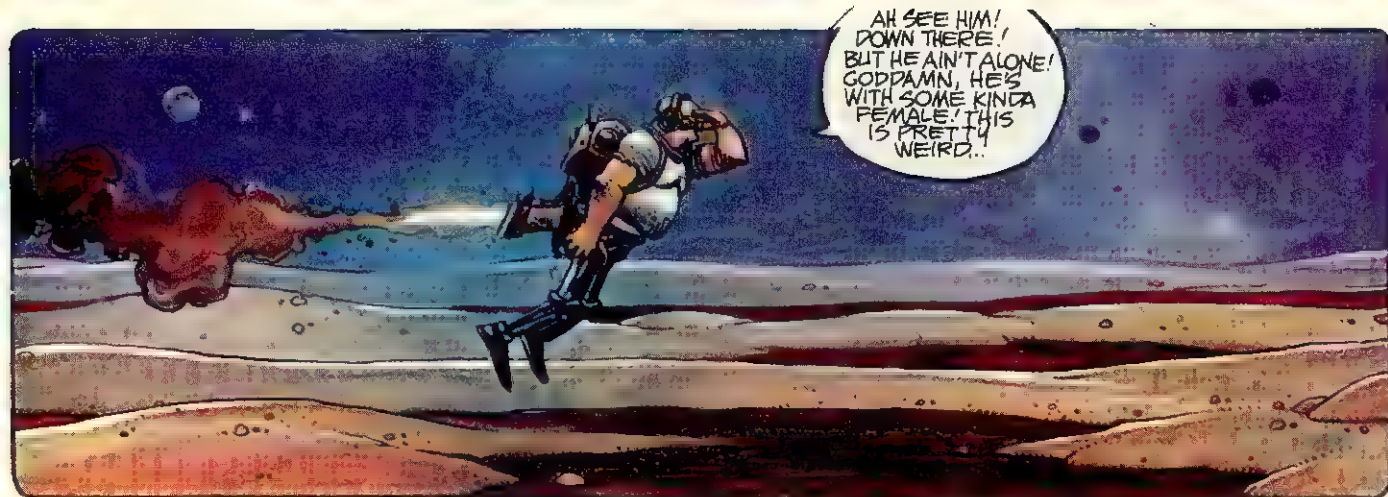
AH KNOW, GOOD BUDDIES, AH KNOW! BUT MAYBE, AH MEAN TO SAY... AH KIN HANDLE THIS MAHSELF, SOMEHOW, THAT IS...



JESUS, THIS IS AWFUL, PLAIN AWFUL! MAYBE IF AH TOOK ANOTHER LOOK-SEE?



AH'LL GIT RATON IT! DON'T WORRY. AH'LL SAVE YOU...



AH'M A FAMOUS SPECIALIST, YES MAAM! SINCE, GENETICALLY SPEAKIN', THE CHALD IS THE FATHUH OF THE MAN, AH PHSIONALLY AM THE RATHUH SPECTACULAH OFFSPRING OF THE MATIN' OF A HUMAN FATHUH AN' A ROBOT MUTHUH! DOUBT-LESS, YOU'VE NOTICED THE METALLIC LAIGS. SO AH APPLIED THE PATERNAL METHOD OF CREATIN' THAT THERE ROBOT YOU'VE ALREADY MET. DOUBTLESS YOU NOTICED HIS HUMAN LAIGS. UH-HUH, AH'M REAL PROUD OF THE RESULTS...

...AN' YET, THAT DAMN ROBOT IS REAL STUPID, LIKE. HE CAIN'T THINK, HE CAIN'T HARDLY TALK...

...STILL, IT'S MAH SUPREME PHSIONAL AMBITION TO ARRANGE THE COSMIC MIS-CEGINATION OF A HUMAN, AN' A EXTRATERRESTRIAL! SO AH'M REAL PLEASED TO SEE THAT YOU, MAH LITTLE BLUE LADY, ARE PHSIONALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR SUCH AN EXPERIMENT...

IT'S A REAL EXCITIN' PROSPECT... HERE'S WHAT AH SUGGEST... YOU AN' ME FORM A... HOW SHALL AH SAY?... SEXUAL UNION, THAT IS, CONNECTION...

IT'S A GRAND OPPORTUNITY FOR THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE, WHICH AH AN' THIS HERE BASE AN' LANDIN' DOCK HAVE THE HONOR TO REPRESENT...

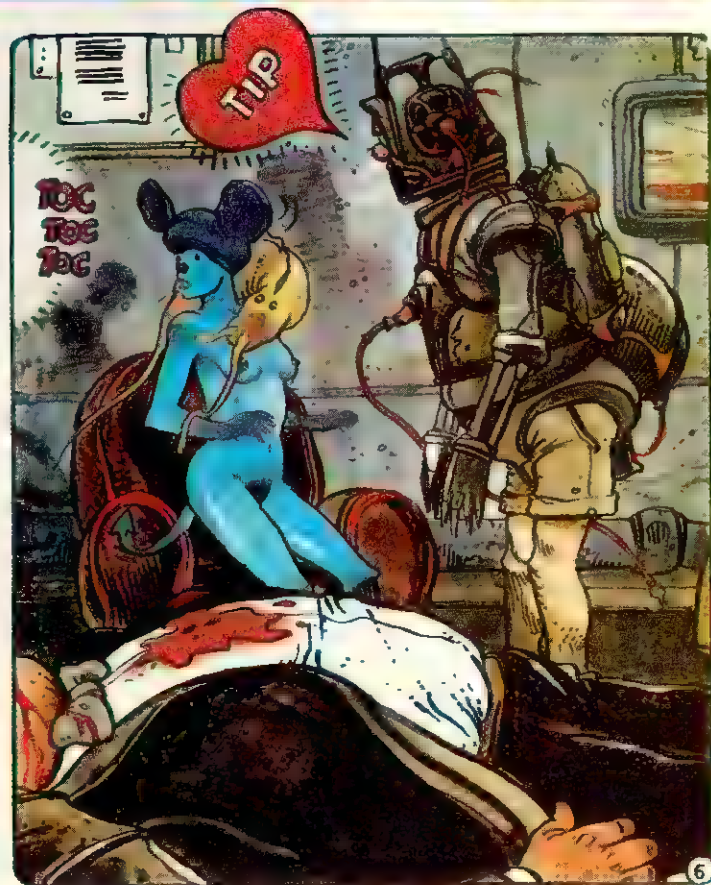
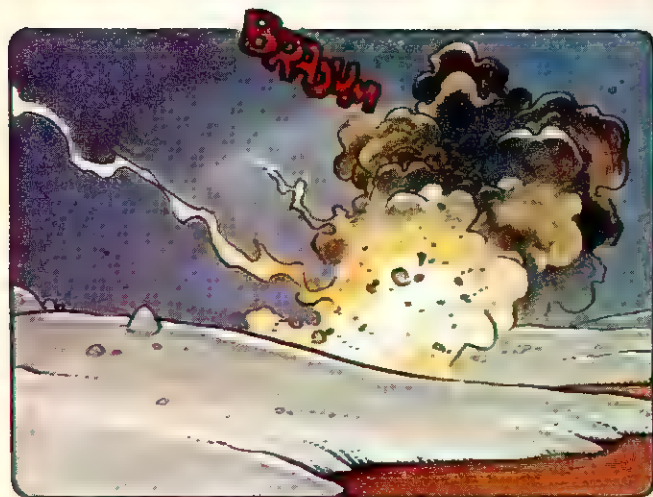
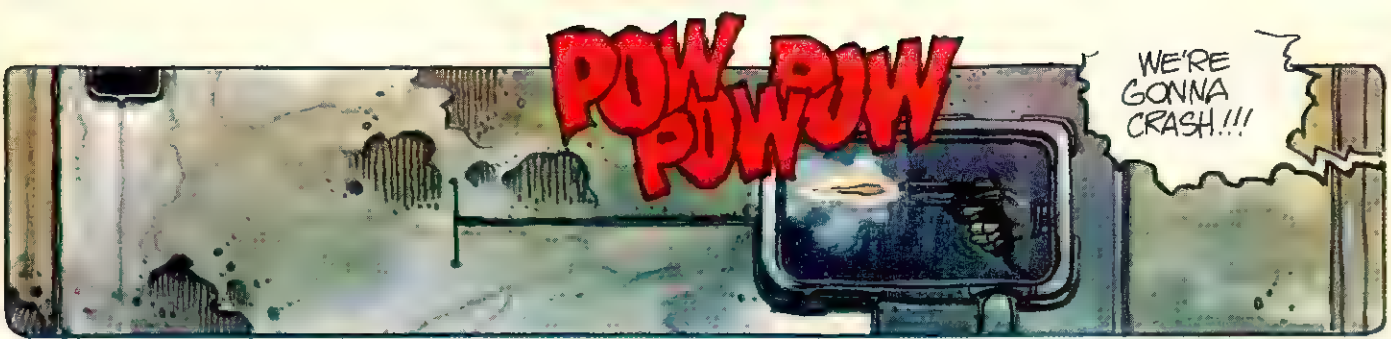
SUFFERIN' SHIT! HAS THAT DAMN ROBOT GONE CRAZY, OR WHAT? HE'S DIS-CONNECTIN' US!!

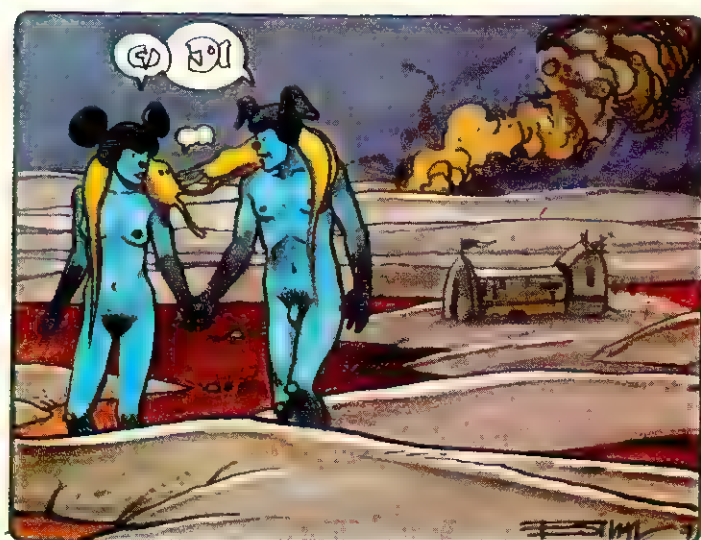
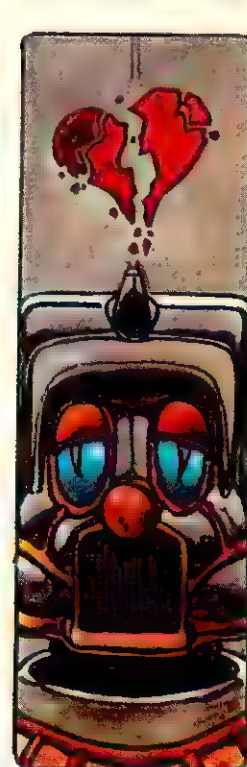
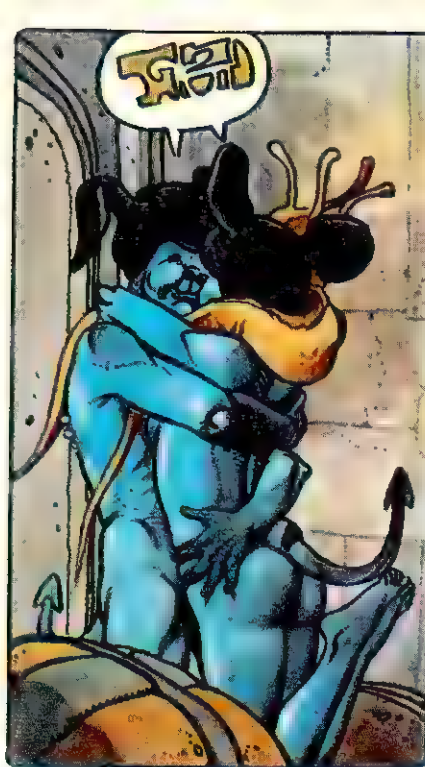
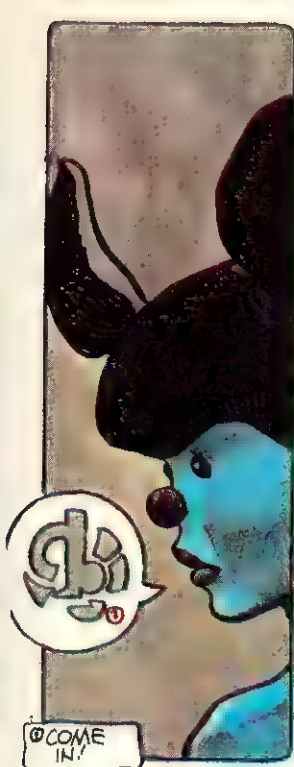
BUT O'OURSE, THIS CALLS FOR TH' APPROPRIATE GANNACOLOGICAL EXAMINATION FIRST OFF, SO IF YOU'D LIKE TO LAY DOWN THERE AN' OPEN YOUR LAIGS...

!@#?

TIP

CLIC CLAC



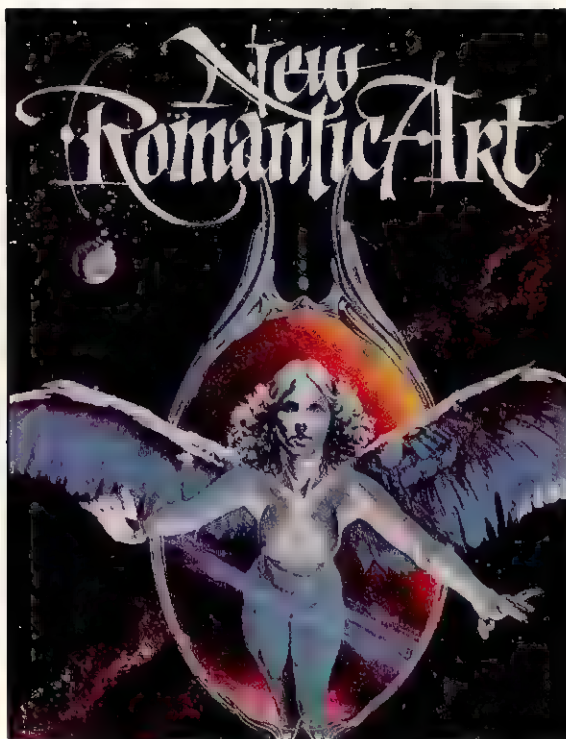


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TALES OF THE LEGENDARY FUTURE

1. THE PHANTOM SHIP

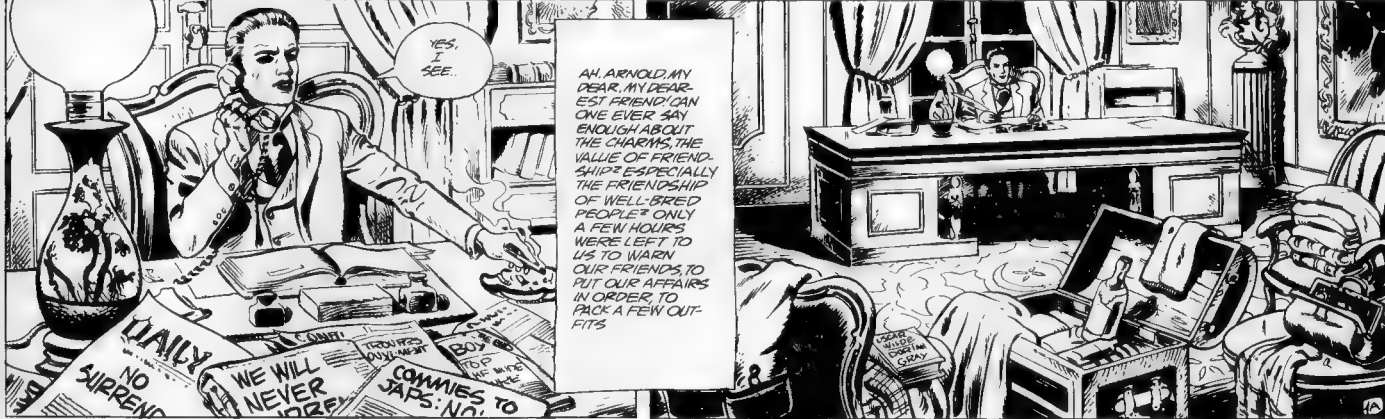
STORY:
RODOLPHE
ART: ROUGE

IT ALL HAPPENED QUICKLY,
SO QUICKLY! I MUST
ADMIT THE TENSION
HAD BEEN MOUNTING
LATELY! NIGEL'S PHONE
CALL HARDLY CAME AS A
SURPRISE...

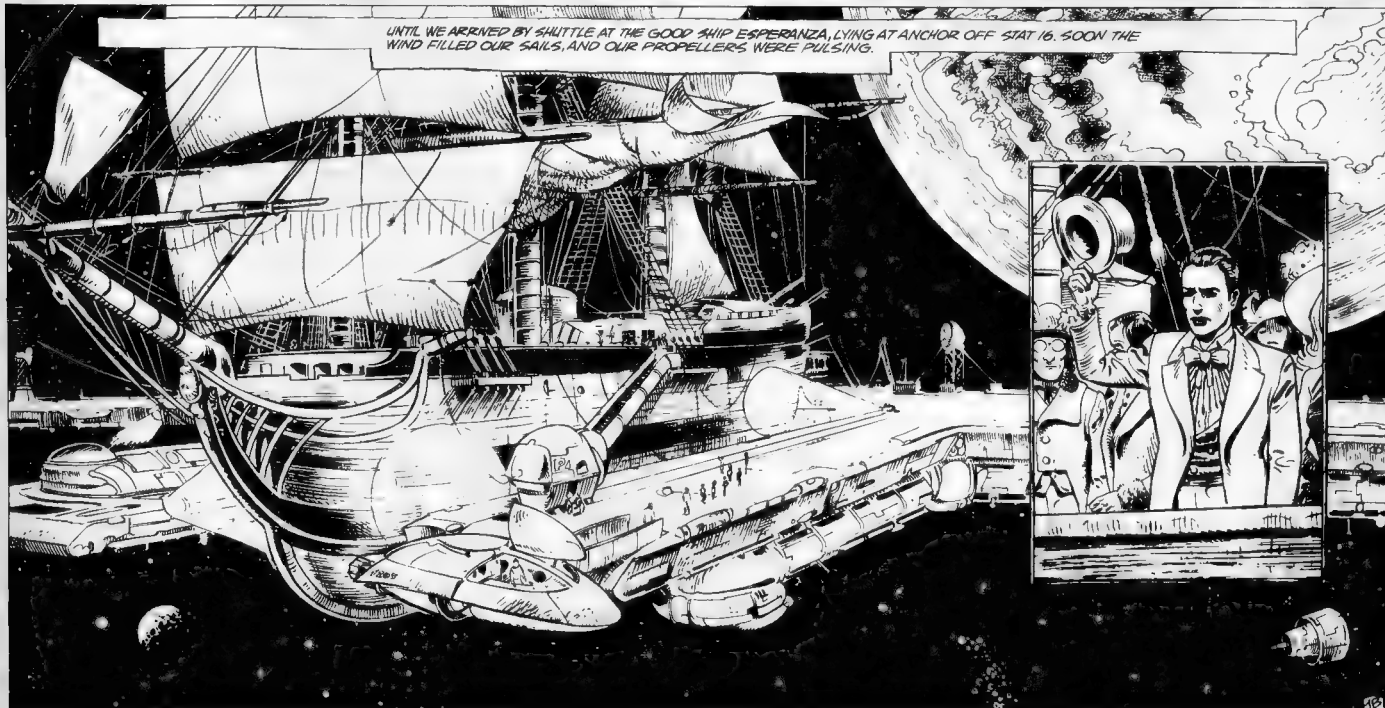
EXTRA!
EXTRA!
JAPAN
MOBIL-
IZES!

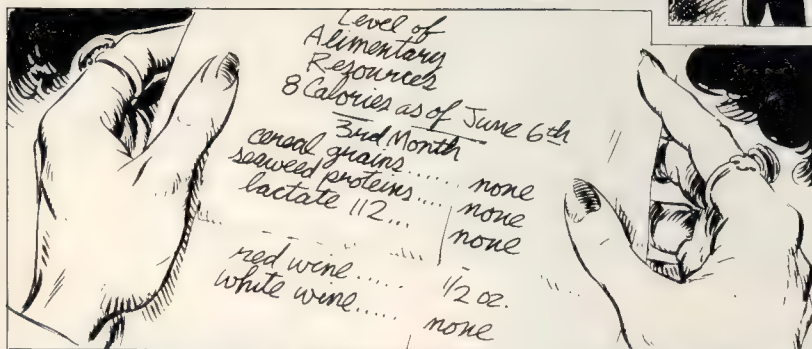
CARL

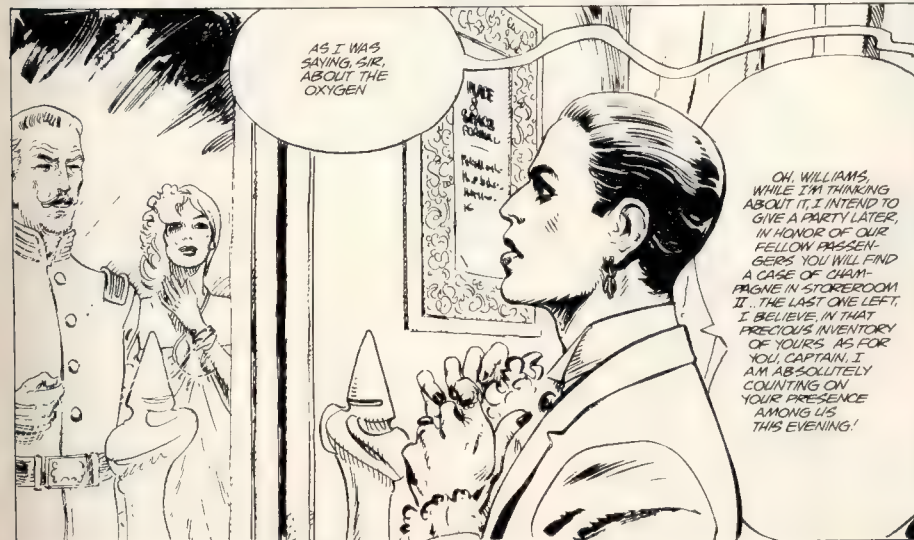
NO
PARKING



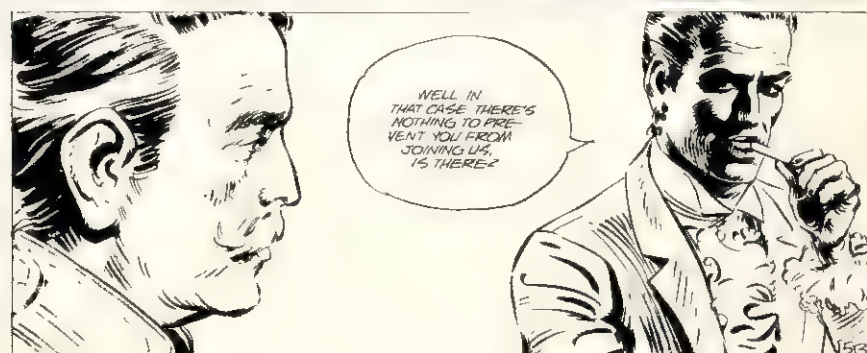
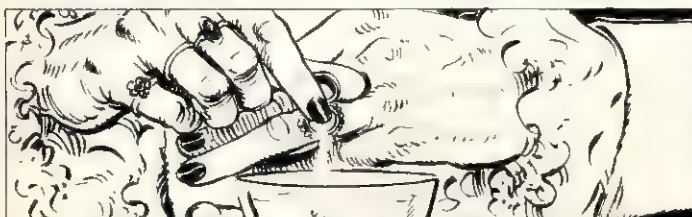
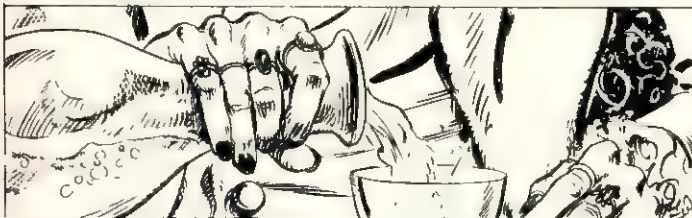
UNTIL WE ARRIVED BY SHUTTLE AT THE GOOD SHIP ESPERANZA, LYING AT ANCHOR OFF STAT 16. SOON THE WIND FILLED OUR SAILS, AND OUR PROPELLERS WERE PULSING.



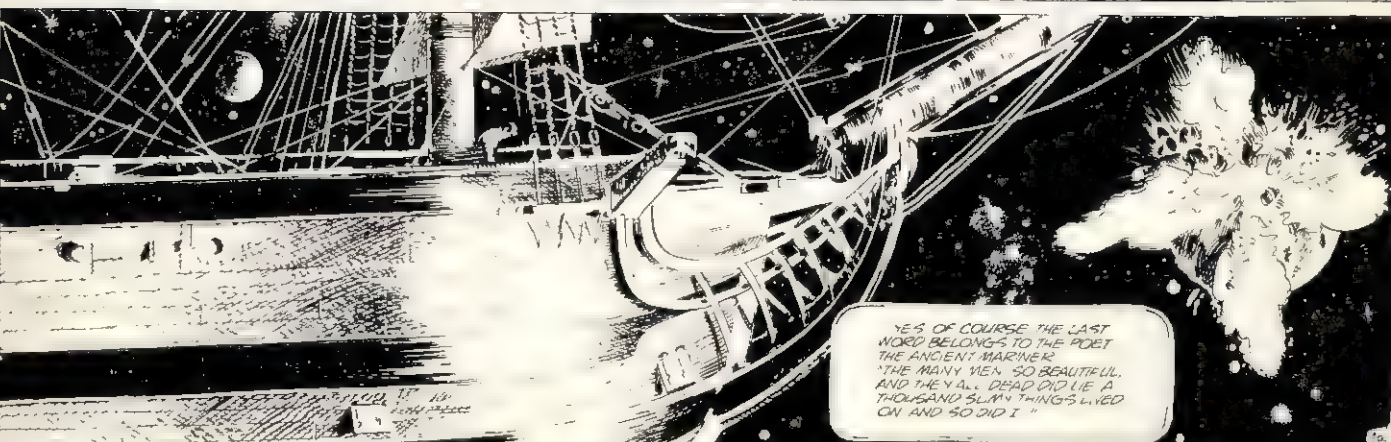
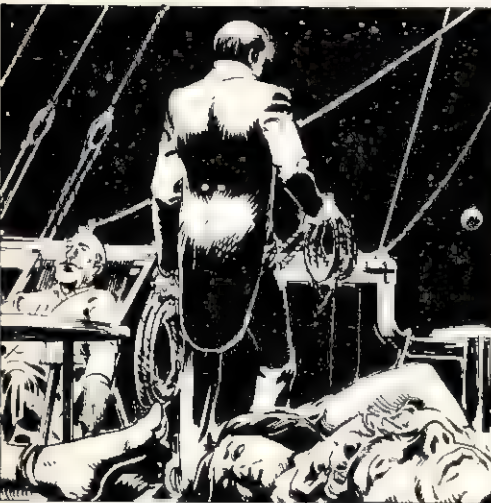














THE LEGEND IS STILL TOLD ABOUT SOLAR SYSTEM 23 THEY SAY YOU CAN STILL SEE, NOT FAR FROM THE THIRD PLANET IN THE SYSTEM, AN ANCIENT IONIC SAILING VESSEL, SCUDDING ALONG IN ORBIT. ALL ITS SAILS UNFURLED, A GHOST FOREVER ON ITS ETERNAL CRUISE. WHAT CRIME DOES IT EXPIATE? WHAT CRUEL AND BARBAROUS GODS WOULD CONDEMN ITS CREW TO THIS ENDLESS WANDERING? IF WE ONLY KNEW!

WHATEVER MAY ACCOUNT FOR IT, THE SIGHT OF THIS PHANTOM SHIP NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE A SHIVER OF FEAR AMONG THE TOURISTS WHO COME TO VISIT SYSTEM 23. WHAT'S MORE, IT IS THE ONLY ATTRACTION THE SYSTEM HAS TO OFFER. ITS SUN, AN E-703, IS FADING RAPIDLY, RELEGATING TO SHADOW AND TO FIERCE COLD EVEN THE GHOST OF THE SHIP.

EXTRACT FROM THE BOOK OF GALACTIC CURIOSITIES

SLEEP REFUSED TO COME TO HIM THIS NIGHT, SO THE GOLDEN-HAIRED GENTLEMAN TOOK TO THE GASLIT STREETS, HOPING TO FIND SOME SMALL COMFORT IN THE COOL, CRISP EVENING AIR--

--BUT FINDING INSTEAD ONLY THE SAME SAD SPECTER OF VIOLENCE THAT HAS FOREVER DOGGED HIS STEPS!

THE CITY IS LONDON, 1881! THE MAN IS--

GIDEON FAUST WARLOCK AT LARGE

SCOUNDRELS!
LET THE
WOMAN
BE!

AND WITH THIS SINGLE SIMPLE SENTENCE, THE TRAGEDY IS BEGUN!

LOTUS

AS ONE, THE CHINESE TURN...
BLAZING ANGER IN THEIR
EYES. DRIPPING VENOM IN
THEIR VOICES...

YOU
LEAVE,
MISTER

--OR
YOU
DIE!

THE ENGLISHMAN'S ONLY
REPLY IS AN ANCIENT
INCANTATION, SPOKEN
IN A LONG-FORGOTTEN
TONGUE--

--FOR HE IS ONE
WITH THE EARTH,
THIS GOLDEN-
HAIR STRANGER--

--AND AT HIS COMMAND, THERE
COMES A SUDDEN HOWLING
WIND, WHICH BURNS LIKE THE
BREATH OF A DEMON...

UNABLE TO STAND
BEFORE SUCH TERRI-
BLE POWER, THE
CHINESE ARE SWEEP
BACK DOWN THE
ALLEYWAY--

~WHILE THE WELL-
DRESSED WARLOCK
GRABS THE GIRL, AND
THRUSTS HER INTO THE
PASSING CARRIAGE
WHICH HAS SUDDENLY
APPEARED OUT OF
THE FOG...

QUICKLY,
WOMAN--
THERE'S NO
TIME TO
LOSE!

AN INSTANT LATER, THE MAN...THE WOMAN...
AND THE COACH ARE SWALLOWED BY THE
DARKNESS!

AND WHEN THE DARKNESS
INSIDE THE CARRIAGE HAS
BEEN BANISHED...

I-I DO
NOT UNDERSTAND,
MY LORD--I FROM
WITHOUT, THIS
APPEARED TO BE A
COACH, BUT FROM
WITHIN...

IT IS
INDEED
A COACH,
DEAR GIRL--BUT
IT IS ALSO MY
HOME!

AND
I PREFER
TO LIVE
COMFORTABLY!

MY NAME IS
GIDEON FAUST,
MY DEAR...AND
YOURS?

I... HAVE
NO NAME. I AM
MERELY CALLED...
LOTUS.

TONIGHT I
FLED THE SERAGLIO
OF MY CRUEL MASTER,
THE MANDARIN SHOU-
LSING--AND HE SENT
HIS MINIONS TO
RECAPTURE ME.

BUT YOU HAVE
SAVED ME, MY
LORD--AND FROM
THIS MOMENT
FORTH, MY LIFE IS
YOURS.

YOU
OWE ME
NOTHING,
LOTUS. I
MERELY ACTED
AS WOULD ANY
GENTLEMAN

OH, BUT I
DO, MY LORD--
NOTHING WOULD
GIVE ME GREATER
PLEASURE...

...AND I PRAY IT IS
A PLEASURE MY LORD
WILL COME TO SHARE.

AS YOU WISH,
MY LORD BUT MAY
THIS HUMBLE ONE AT
LEAST BE PERMITTED
TO PREPARE YOUR
EVENING TEA?

WELL,
IF YOU
INSIST...

NODDING POLITELY,
THE MAN CALLED
FAUST SIPPS THE
BITTERSWEET
BREW--

--HARDLY TASTING THE
DELICATE PETALS WHICH
HAVE DISSOLVED AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE CUP..



...AND WHEN, AT LAST, HE LOWERS
THE CUP, FAUST SEES THE SMILING
LOTUS IN A WHOLLY DIFFERENT
LIGHT!

SUDDENLY, SHE IS EVERY WOMAN
HE HAS EVER DESIRED-- SHE IS
SHY, YET SEDUCTIVE--A TREMBLING
INNOCENT, YET A WILDLY ABANDONED
WANTON!

HE REACHES FOR HER,
PULLS HER HUNGRILY
INTO HIS ARMS--AND SHE
GOES WILLINGLY!

THE HOURS THAT FOLLOW ARE A MIASMA
OF SHEER, UNADULTERATED SENSATION--
THEIR JOINING IS SAVAGE AT FIRST, THEN
TENDER, THEN FRANTIC, THEN SLOW...

..AND NO MAN AND WOMAN
EVER LOVED MORE FULLY--
OR WITH MORE DESPERATION!

IT IS ALMOST NIGHT ONCE MORE
WHEN THE WARLOCK AWAKENS TO
FIND HIMSELF--

--ALONE?!

LOTUS
IS GONE...
AND MY HEAD
ACHES LIKE
A THING
AFLAME!

APPARENTLY,
SHE DRUGGED
MY TEA--
BUT WHY?

AND
WHERE
HAS SHE
GONE?

IF THE
MANDARIN
SHOW-LSING
HAS TAKEN
HER AGAIN--

--I SWEAR
I SHALL SCOUR
EVERY SEWER AND
GUTTER IN LONDON
TO GET HER
BACK!

THUS, SOME TIME LATER,
IN AN EAST END OPIUM
DEN, WHERE THE AIR IS
THICK WITH THE PERFUMES
OF OBLIVION...

SPARE A
PENCE,
MASTER?

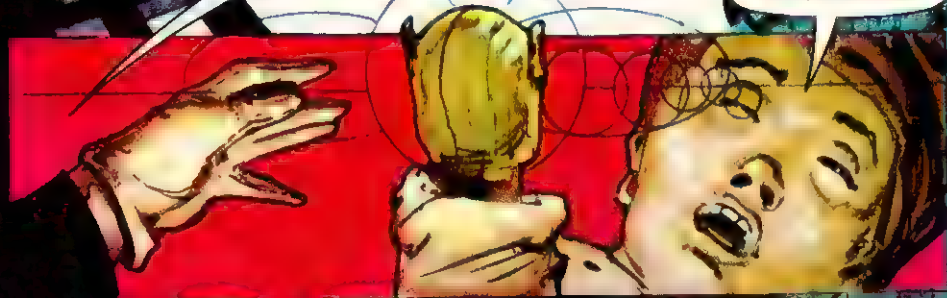
I'M NOT
HERE FOR
CHARITY,
YOU BEDEVILED
SOT--BUT FOR
ANSWERS!

AND I
SWEAR I SHALL
HAVE THEM ERE
I LEAVE
HERE--

--ELSE I'LL
HAVE YOUR
MISERABLE
LIFE!

FONG
CHU IS
Y-YOUR
HUMBLE
SERVANT,
MASTER!

WHAT PALTRY
KNOWLEDGE
I POSSESS IS
YOURS FOR BUT
THE ASKING!



AND, SOON AFTER, AT A SECLUDED
TOWNHOUSE OFF REGENT STREET.

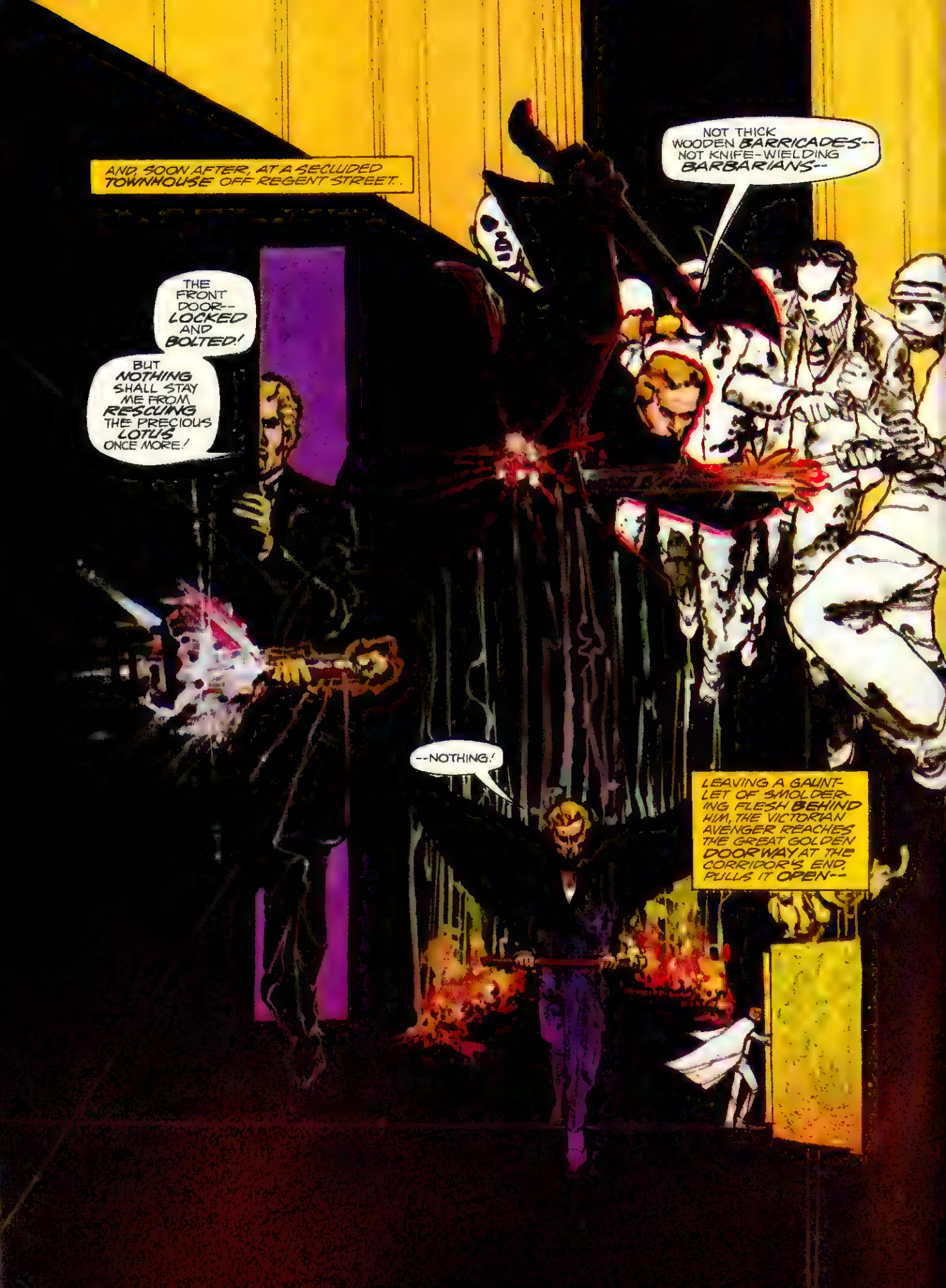
THE
FRONT
DOOR--
LOCKED
AND
BOLTED!

BUT
NOTHING
SHALL STAY
ME FROM
RESCUING
THE PRECIOUS
LOTUS
ONCE MORE!

NOT THICK
WOODEN BARRICADES--
NOT KNIFE-WIELDING
BARBARIANS--

--NOTHING!

LEAVING A GAUNT-
LET OF SMOLDER-
ING FLESH BEHIND
HIM, THE VICTORIAN
AVENGER REACHES
THE GREAT GOLDEN
DOORWAY AT THE
CORRIDOR'S END,
PULLS IT OPEN--



--AND FINDS HIMSELF TRANSPORTED INTO A WORLD OF ANCIENT MAJESTY...

PRAY, ENTER THE HUMBLE DWELLING PLACE OF SHOU-LSING, SQUIRE FAUST.

YOU HAVE BEEN... EXPECTED

I HAVE COME FOR THE GIRL CALLED LOTUS, CHINAMAN!

DEAR MOTHER OF GOD-- NO!

IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

IF YOU WOULD BE KIND TO HER, ENGLISHMAN... YOU WILL LEAVE LOTUS HERE.

SO SHE CAN CONTINUE TO BE YOUR PLAY-THING?

SO SHE CAN CONTINUE TO KNOW THE LIFE SHE HAS COME TO NEED, MY FRIEND.

THE WOMAN WAS NOT HERSELF WHEN SHE FLED HERE LAST EVENING--HER MIND WAS ENFOLDED IN THE PETALS OF THE SACRED LOTUS BLOSSOM!

SHE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN HAPPY IN YOUR WORLD WHEN THE SPELL AT LAST FADED.

WHY DON'T YOU LET HER DECIDE THAT?

IF YOU INSIST.

RAISE YOUR HEAD, CHILD. LET YOUR ANXIOUS LOVER SEE YOU FOR WHAT YOU TRULY ARE!

YOU UNHOLY
FIEND! WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE
TO HER?

IT
CAN BE
AS IT WAS
LAST NIGHT
AGAIN.

PLEASE,
MY LORD--TAKE
ME AWAY FROM
HERE.

LOTUS?

OH, MY
PRECIOUS
...LOTUS.

I... HAVE DONE
NOTHING! THE
LOTUS YOU SEE IS
THE LOTUS THAT IS...

...NOT
THE LOTUS
SHE WISHES
TO BE.

LAST NIGHT YOU SHARED
HER DREAM WITH HER. YOU
SAW HER AS SHE SEES HER-
SELF.. AND THUS, YOU WERE
DOUBLY BLESSED

I...
LOVED
HER.

AND YOU
MAY STILL HAVE
HER YOU NEED
BUT PARTAKE OF
THE SACRED
LOTUS BLOSSOM--

--AND HER
DREAM WILL
BE YOURS...
FOREVER!

FORGIVE
ME, LOTUS...
BUT I HAVE
NO TIME FOR
DREAMS.

END-

THE

AIRTIGHT

GARAGE

COUNTRY
AND WESTERN
INTERLUDE

STORY TO
DATE:

YOU AIN'T
SEEN NOTHIN'
YET!...

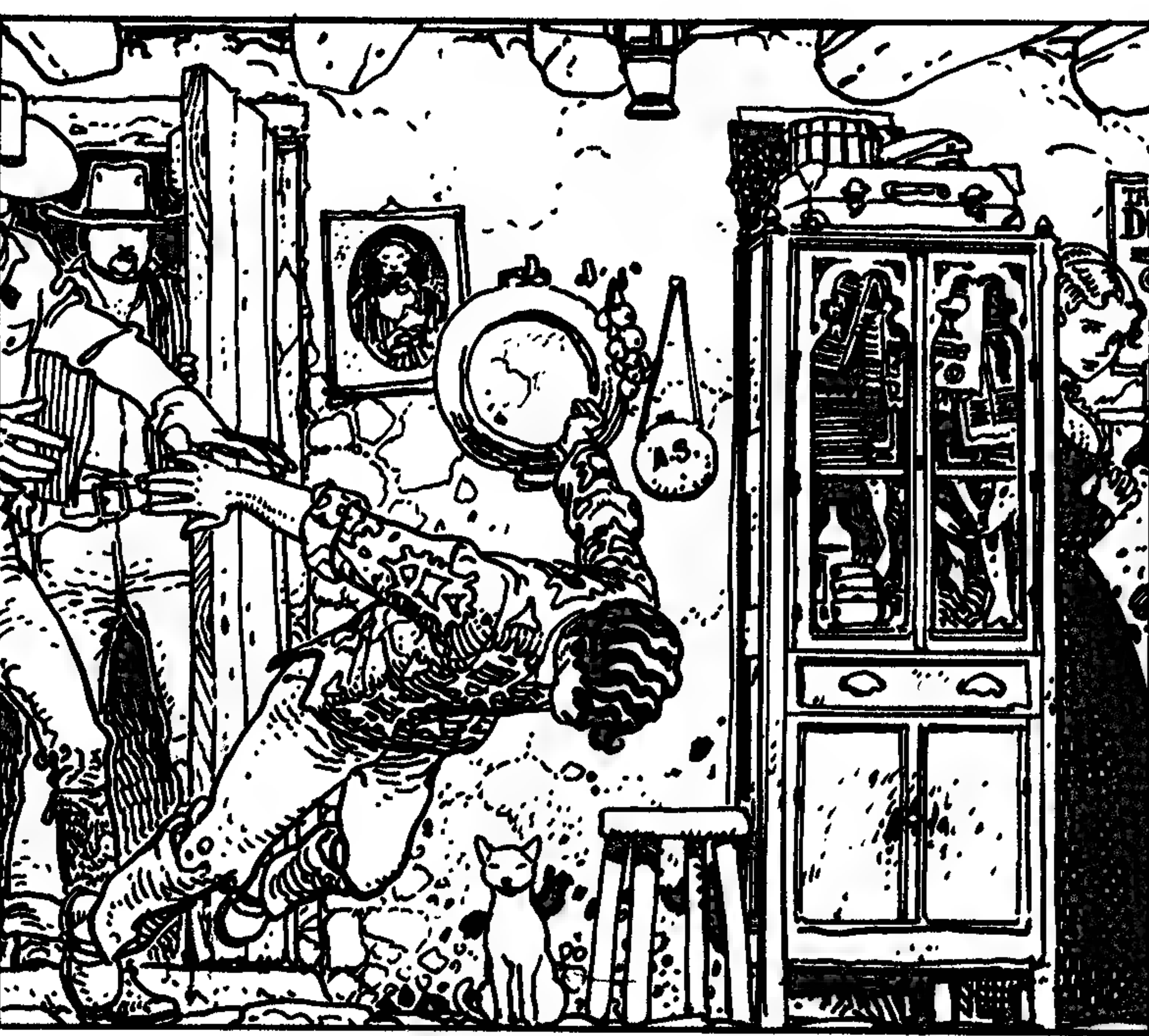
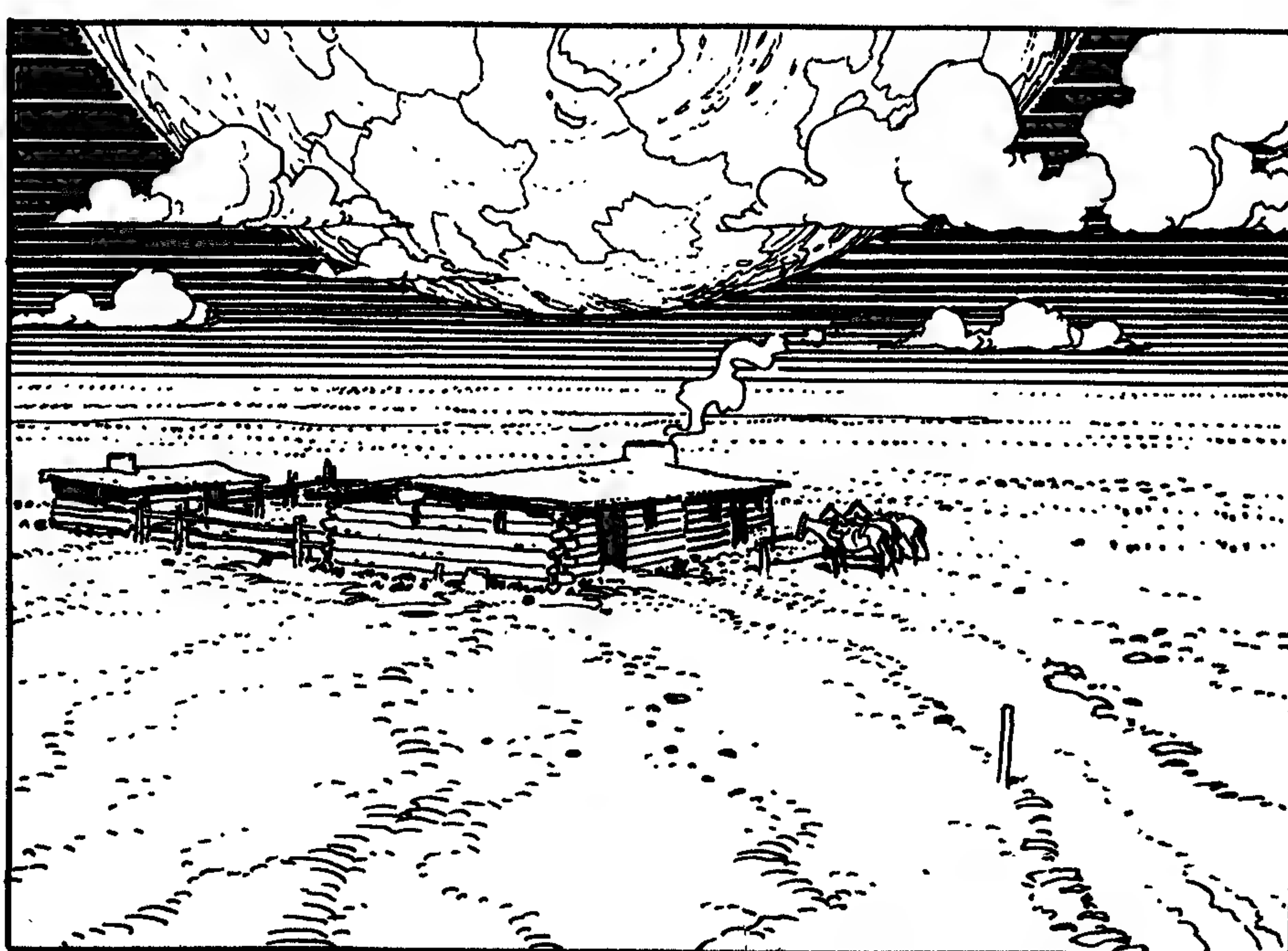
OF

JERRY

CORNELIUS

by MOEBIUS

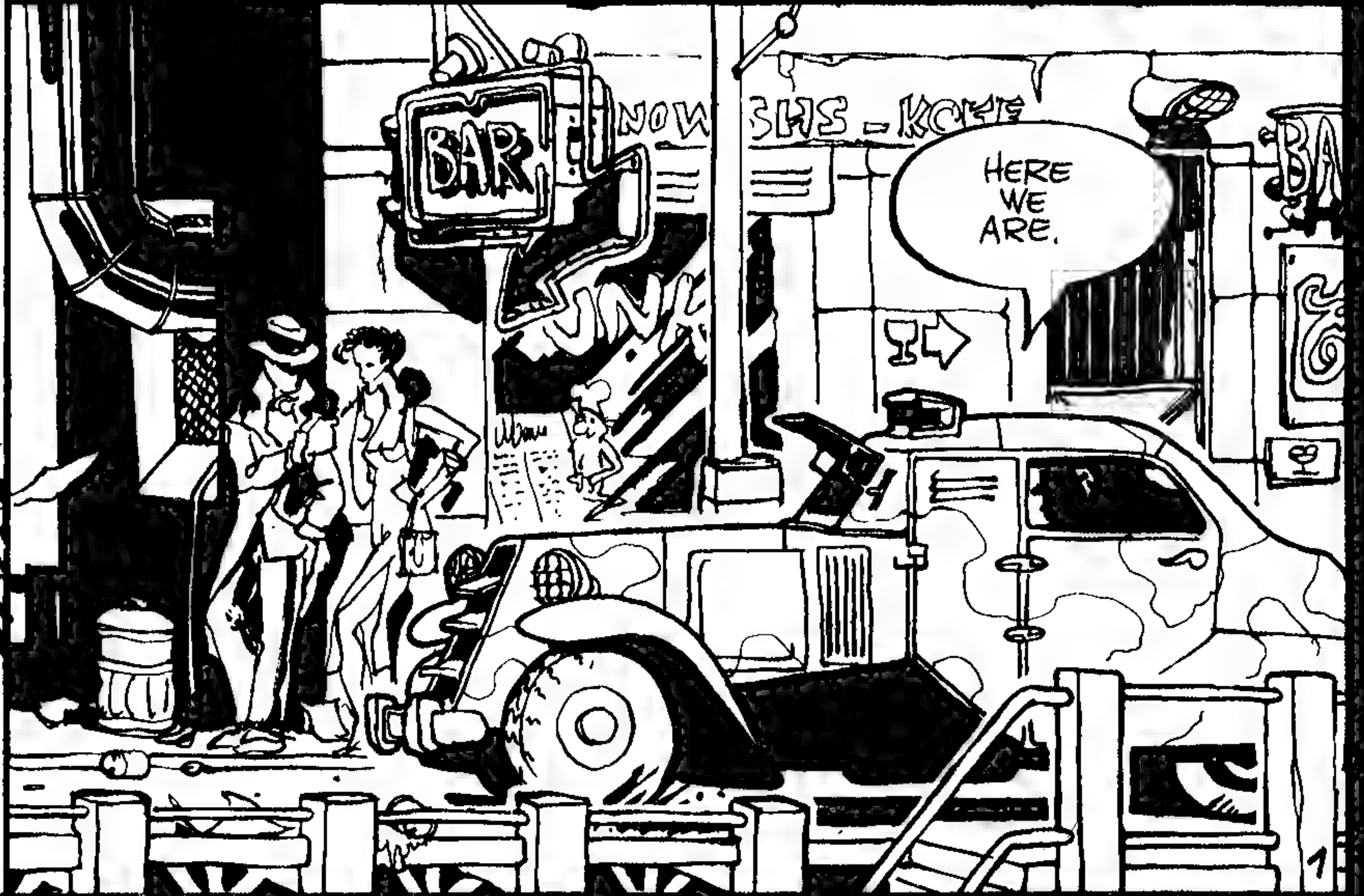
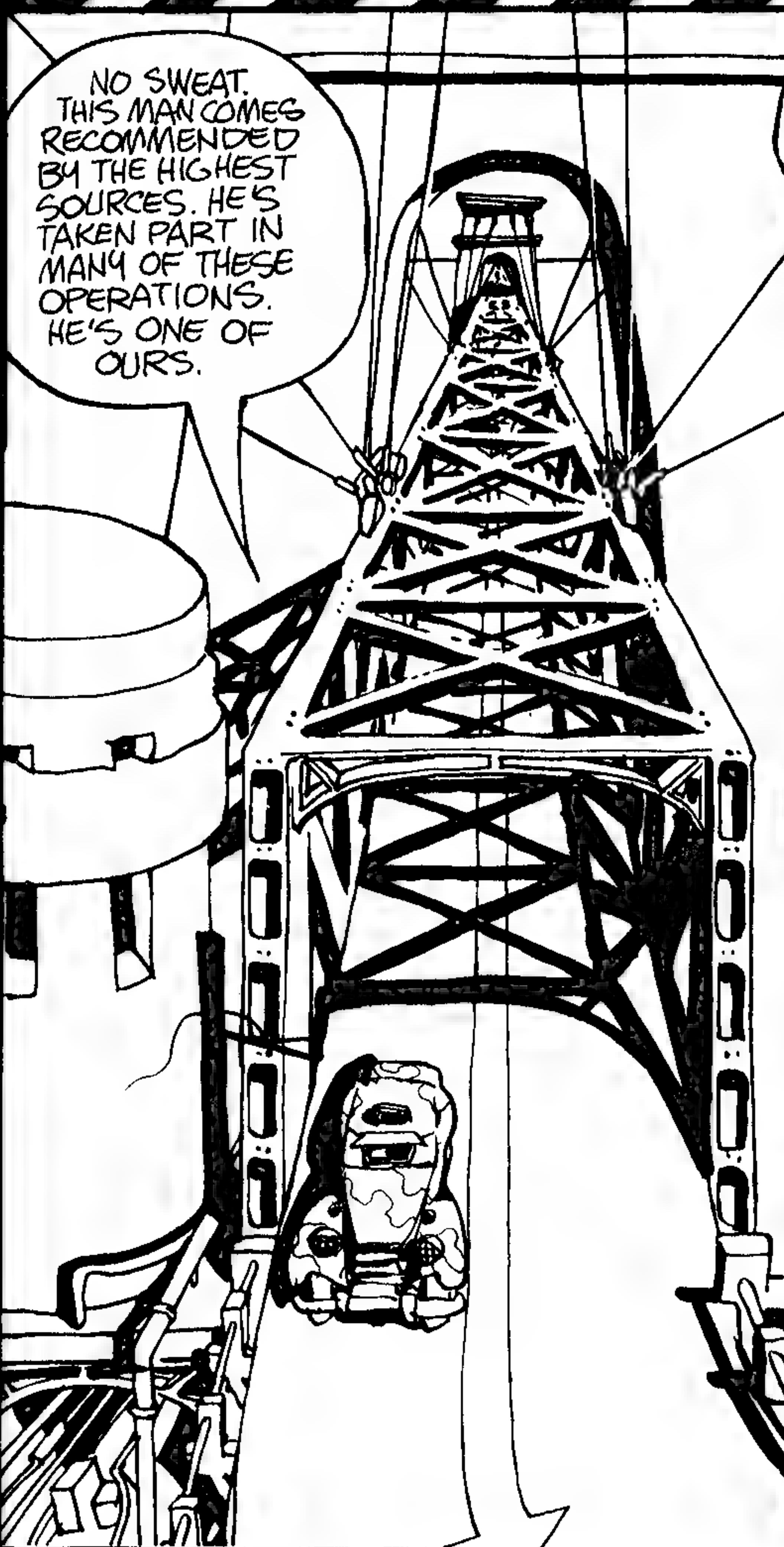




TO BE CONTINUED...



THE STRANGE MISSION THE STRANGE MISSION THE STRANGE MISSION



BY MR. PICOTTO



LLOYD?

A PLEASURE!
HERE ARE YOUR
ORDERS, AND
HALF THE
MONEY IN
ADVANCE.

EX-
CELLENT!
I'LL WEIGH
ANCHOR AT
THE LOADING
DOCK!

I AM
CAPTAIN LLOYD OF
THE U.S. TITAN.

THANK YOU,
GENTLEMEN...

BLAM B

CAPTAIN,
WAS IT REALLY
NECESSARY TO
ZAP THOSE TWO
FEDS?

ORDERS ARE
ORDERS. THIS BUSI-
NESS IS TOO SECRE
AND TOO IMPORTANT
TO TAKE RISKS.

NEW
BENGAL.

PLATFORM
12345

CONTINENTAL
BAY.

ROUTE OF
THE U.S.
TITAN

REBEL ISLAND

A WEEK LATER, ON THE RIVER CUTTING THROUGH THE REBEL ISLAND, DEEP IN THE HEART OF REBEL TERRITORY...

YOU SEEM KIND OF NERVOUS, CAPTAIN...

I'M THINKING OF A PLAN THAT WILL DEPOSIT OUR CARGO SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE REBEL FRONT... TO DO MAXIMUM DAMAGE TO THEIR FORCES...

I DUNNO, CAPTAIN... THAT'D BE TOTALLY IMMORAL. I MEAN, I KNOW THIS IS WAR, BUT...

WE AREN'T PAID TO THINK. WE'RE NOT PHILOSOPHERS. WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO...

BUT OTHER EYES ARE WATCHING...

AND OTHERS ACT WITHOUT MERCY.



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more (\$5 00)



HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger the paranoid puppet Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue (\$4 00)



HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's *World Apart*, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak (\$3 00)



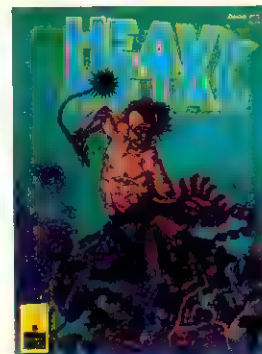
HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans' with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, *The Long Tomorrow*, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen (\$3 00)



HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, *The Long Tomorrow* concludes, *World Apart* and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence (\$3 00)



HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more *World Apart*, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story (\$3 00)



HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harlequin pastimes, 10 pages of color Moebius, the *Air-light Garage*, Den, and Polonius *redux* and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon (\$3 00)



HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and *World Apart*, exotically intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! (\$3 00)



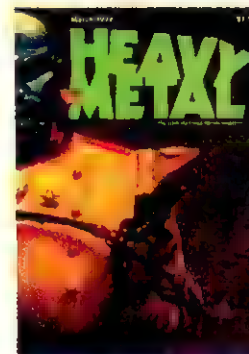
HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druiellet's anti-hero, Vuzz—a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Fortune's Fool* by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius (\$3 00)



HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded *Conquering Armies*, and continued Den. Of course you knew about the Incas, fog lights, and the time warp (\$3 00)



HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual like Den (\$3 00)



HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den (\$3 00)



HM #13/APRIL, 1978: Big deal first anniversary issue, with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die death's duel, and the undead, Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. (\$3.00)



HM #14/MAY, 1978: Does in Urm the Mad, locates El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, time-travels and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. (\$3.00)



HM #15/JUNE 1978: This time we go too far. For instance, the exotic new Corben, Shahrazad, the neurotic, Evolution, the ecstatic More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella, and the erotic Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heilman. (\$3.00)



HM #16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1996, the resumption of Drillet's Gail, the further adventures of Heilman and Orion More Than Human cont'd, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben. (\$3.00)



Dept HM479
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



HM #17/AUGUST, 1978: Looks like more of the same, with Orion Corben's Arabian Nights, Heilman, and the last More Than Human. Except Drillet's Gail gets going again, the Off-Season starts, cannibal robots get involved, and somebody finally touches the right button. (\$3.00)



HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Esorel, Queen of the Bubble Women, the Major's fiancée, two off-season detectives, Arcane the Warrior, Heilman Orion, and Lone Sloane on Gail Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies. Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes. (\$3.00)



HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978: All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rites of dragons, a zombie android called Exterminator, Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated, and the onset of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of hero Sindbad, Gail, and Orion. (\$3.00)



HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1978: A full 20-page excerpt from the Chaykin/Delany Empire, while Sindbad's dragon explodes, the Exterminator escapes, Sloane makes war, the Sad Man disappears, Grubert arrives too late, and Heilman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful, So Dangerous, part two, and more Diabolical Planet. (\$3.00)

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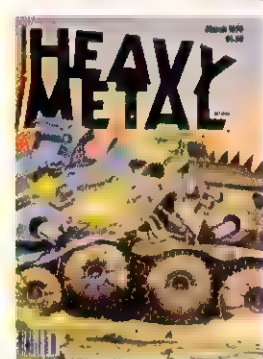
HM #21/DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas and wrapping up Orion and Off-Season, with sinister Tarot greeting cards, wreaths and wraiths, creches, crashes, and a prezzy for you—a 12-page Moebius murder yarn. (\$2.00)



HM #22/JANUARY, 1979: This one's full of elephants, for some reason. Plus our first Trina, and a pinup, and Gail's shoot-em-up finale. Some decapitation, a space siren, and the android takes over the ship. More McKie and Corben. Whattaya want? (\$2.00)



HM #23/FEBRUARY, 1979: Our February fantasies feature the onset of the tale of the Star crown. We continue with Sindbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More Moebius and Bilal, Macedo brings us chapter four of life in Metropolis 5, and, by popular demand, Galactic Geographic. There's the story of a star-nosed mole and much, much more. (\$2.00)



HM #24 MARCH, 1979: Twenty

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS, while with back lettering and art with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of Heavy Metal. (\$5.50)





IN BETWEEN THEN AND NOW

by Arthur Byron Cover

I cannot say where it all began; I do not know. It has been the same always. It used to make me glad, quite a contrast to my present melancholy mood. Therefore I cannot start at the beginning and I cannot have one attitude. One place is as good as any.

I was sitting in the desert. The sun would have blinded me if I were not immune to such things. My throat would have been dry and thirsty if I could not manufacture water when it pleased me. I had been there, leaning against a pyramid of my making, for a few hundred years, I think. The wanderlust was building in me again, and I was getting ready to move to another galaxy. The Milky Way is a boring place, where I go for peace and relaxation and nothing else.

Then she attacked me. It was almost a playful attack. Just boulders and windstorms and rains, all hurled at me while I was off guard. I became angry; she had not bothered me for an eon or so and I was used to the loneliness. I became part of the desert, and it was easy to find her because she can never hide her beauty. I swallowed her in sands and she became air and slid out from under me. She flew to the stratosphere and laughed at me. The bitch. Then she became a great weight and plowed right into me, trying to cut me into a million pieces. That was dumb of her. I was nothing but sand anyway.

"Will you get off my back?" I demanded.

"Never," she said.

"Oh well." And I fled.

Now you have a good idea of how it was. If she didn't attack first, I did. Neither of us knew why we hated each other so much, why we got such a kick out of annoying the other. Maybe there wasn't a reason, but since shallow intellects claim everything has a reason, then there might have been one. Who am I to argue with billions upon billions?

Once I flung a galaxy at her. An unimaginative attack, to be sure. She dodged it with ease and flung three or four back at me to show me that anything I could do, she could do better. I shudder to think of what happened to the puny life-forms of those galaxies. What did the fish-men say as their world passed too close to a sun and their seas evaporated? What did the plant-men say as the soil was torn from their world? What did the just plain old men say as their navigational

charts mapping routes between worlds became hopelessly outdated in a matter of seconds? I'm sure neither of us gave a thought to it. Our one concern was our skirmish.

Another time she sent whirling space-storms at me and tried to tear the fourth dimension out from under my feet. Now that was a beauty because it might have been dangerous if she had caught me off guard. But I got back at her. She was the one who was off guard and it took her an eon to set things right about her. Still, I couldn't help but admire how she handled herself in the jaws of her own trap. She even added colors to space to make life more interesting.

Well, any more of that sort of thing would be redundant. I hope you have the general picture now, because the complications are yet to come.

For a few eons it had been bothering me that we hated each other so much. Why couldn't we be friends? There are only two of us and we rarely tried to kill the other, despite appearances. So why not be friends and do things together? Why not make love and have kids, like any other normal couple? Why not at least call a temporary truce and ponder the error of our ways until another way of life came to us?

When I saw her at the fair I decided to ask her. That was a mistake; she created a vortex when I was riding the ferris wheel and I was sick for a week. However, I did not lose my resolve. I still wanted to ask her. I was afraid my questions would have all kinds of allegorical connotations and that her answers would, too. It would be demeaning to talk at such a retarded level, but I couldn't see any way out of it. I saw her at the rodeo and was about to ask her when she changed into a horse and ran away to the convention. She knew I wouldn't follow her there because I hate conventions.

The look in her eyes was beginning to bother me. She has such lovely eyes, no matter what form she takes. I was appalled to see fear in them. It was as if she knew my questions and was afraid to answer them, even to hear them. Maybe the same thoughts I had were plaguing her.

Conventions are transitory affairs and it was not long before I saw her again, in another galaxy, swimming the deep of a black ocean. She was laughing with a monstrous fish with twenty gills and a hundred fins and a brain the size of a house. I don't know that the fish said to her, but whatever it was, I was jealous. I cast the fish into the sun and said to her, "I want to talk to you."

She ran away.

Then I wondered: why in the world would I be jealous over her? We are two of a kind, there are no others like us, why would I become angry at a fish? What did I have to fear from it? I felt ridiculous. Why did I even bother to kill it? I suppose I have already answered my own questions when I said I was jealous. But how could I ever hope to understand her and the reason why we hated each other if I could not understand my most barbaric emotions?

There was only one thing to do and that was to search her out again. I found her leaping from meteor to meteor and she was almost enjoying herself. When she spied me she tried to burn me up, which is a hard thing to do considering the fact that there isn't any oxygen in space. I encased myself in ice before she remedied her oversight and I asked, "Why was I jealous of a mere fish?"

She asked, "Why did you kill him? He was doing a great impersonation of Alexander Hamilton. And he promised to do Ralph Waldo Emerson next."

"Because I was jealous of him."

"You are a fool."

She tried to burn me once more before she fled.

I was more perplexed than ever. True, she had hated me since before I could remember, but she had never been angry at me before (there is a fine line of distinction between the two). Something was afoot and I still needed to talk to her. I even wanted to touch her. I felt hideously aglow and banal. Perhaps running around with so many lower life-forms had corrupted me. Maybe I was only a shadow of my former self. I knew, even as I considered it, that I still had all my intelligence, my power, and my confidence, but also that that was not enough. I asked myself: how many eons will it take before we are both mature? A strange question and, in other times, a meaningless one.

If you haven't guessed by now, I was extremely confused. An embarrassing situation for one who has never been confused before. Then it occurred to me that maybe I had been confused all my life and was just now coming out of it. I wanted to call out to her, asking her to

come back, but she had no name, just as I have no name. I searched for her in silence.

And found her transformed into a world. I landed on her and touched her flowers and she quivered, trying to shake my balance. She almost made me bash my head on a rock. Not that it would have caused any damage, but it would have smarted for a second. I said, "Listen, I want to talk to you."

"I gathered that," she said in the booming voice of an entire world.

I covered my ears. "Why don't you change? I feel like a fool."

"You should be used to that by now."

"Very funny. Why don't you change before I have to repair my ears?"

"I don't feel like it."

"Bitch."

That insulted her and she changed. I made the mistake of not flying off into space and was all shook up when she appeared in her true form. I licked my lips and wondered what kind of change had occurred in my emotional makeup.

"All right, turd, what do you want to talk about?"

"You can't call me a turd," I said. "We don't even have waste products."

"I don't. You do."

"Don't be coy. We're both the same."

"No, we're not. We're different."

"We're different, but we're the same," I said. "For that reason I don't hate you anymore. I feel differently toward you."

"I don't care."

She did care, I know she did. She just didn't want to admit it. So why was I pressing the issue? Why couldn't I wait until she saw things my way? I was in the process of swallowing my pride for some unfathomable reason and somehow I knew she would eventually. I had all creation to wait, so why did I want her to change right now?

"You do care," I said for want of knowing how else to react.

"Care about what?"

A damn good question. I wanted to flee.

"Care about what?" she repeated.

"I don't know. I can't think right now."

I almost reached for her. She was standing there in the middle of space and she looked so beautiful. She was wearing yellow hair at the moment and she was tossing it about her, playing with it. It assumed the form of a clock, then of a square, then of an animal I saw once on the Dog Planet. She was what was wrong with me, but she had always been what was wrong with me. In some way or another she had always been the cause of my discomforts. And this time the real cause rested somewhere in me, though she was involved in a way I could not and cannot describe, ever.

"Don't worry about it," I said. "It's not your fault."

She sighed. "I don't understand you. For eons piled upon eons it has been all my fault and now suddenly it's changed."

"I'm glad you figured that out."

"But I haven't changed. I still hate you!"

She was lying. I knew it and she knew it. But I didn't have the guts to tell her.

"Why do we hate each other so much?" I asked. "Can't there be something else?"

She looked away. "It's been like that since the birth of creation. Why should it be any different?"

"We've seen the universe change a thousand times," I said. "What makes you think we're immune to change?"

"We're not," she said just before she ran away.

I sat there in the middle of space and watched her dwindle in the distance. Then I increased my powers of sight and watched her run for an election. She lost. I haven't let her out of sight since and she knows it, though I haven't approached her.

And that brings me up to date. Now that I'm convinced she feels the same way I do, I know it's only a matter of time before we erase the games and habits of old and start playing something new. I don't know yet what form our games will take, but that doesn't bother me. The emptiness I now feel will be replaced by another emotion, which will make it all worthwhile.

I can wait, and so can she. The universe will contract until it is like it was in the beginning, a single point in space. We will both be there in that single point and we won't be able to run away from each other. ■

ALIEN

The United States commercial starship *Nostromo* is returning to earth from a deep-space mining expedition. Home is still four months away, and the crew is in hypersleep. When the ship's computer monitors a transmission—apparently of nonhuman origin—it prematurely awakens the crew. Any transmission indicating possible intelligence must be investigated.

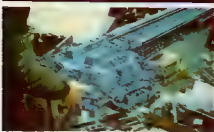
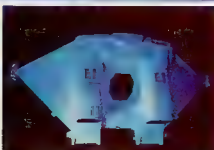
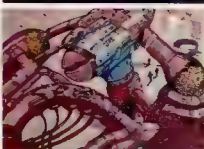
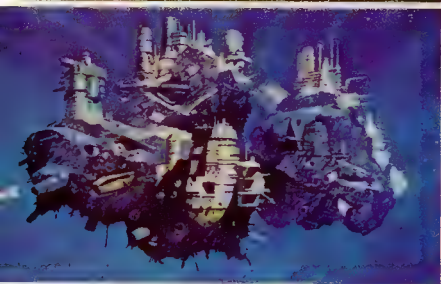
The *Nostromo* journeys to a distant planetoid to investigate. A three-member scouting team suits up and moves out across a desolate, storm-lashed surface and finds an immense, derelict spacecraft. Once inside, they discover the obviously alien, skeletal remains of the derelict's pilot, as well as a mechanical signaling device.

What the scouting party doesn't yet know is that the extraterrestrial space jockey is a victim and that the signal is not a distress call, but a warning. Soon, the five men and two women of the *Nostromo* will be engaged in a life-or-death struggle with a superior and treacherous life-form.

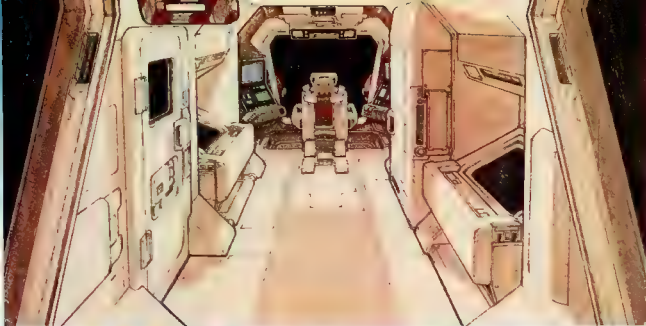
Thus begins *Alien*, an elaborately constructed, big-budget horror film set entirely in deep space. The Twentieth Century-Fox production will open in May. Shooting began last summer—under heavy security precautions—in England. Sets were routinely cleared of all but essential personnel during scenes involving the Alien. Post-production work has also been shrouded in secrecy.

The film's design responsibilities were handled by such artists as Ron Cobb, Chris Foss, Moebius, and H. R. Giger. The Alien itself was conceived and designed by Giger. This is an excerpt from *The Book of Alien*, to be published by *Heavy Metal* at the same time the movie is released. It will contain hundreds more pre-production illustrations, stills from the film, behind-the-scenes material, and, of course, pictures of the Alien.

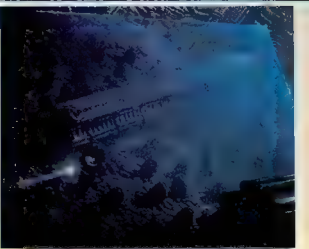
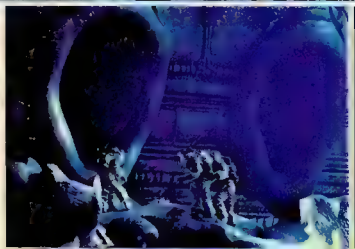
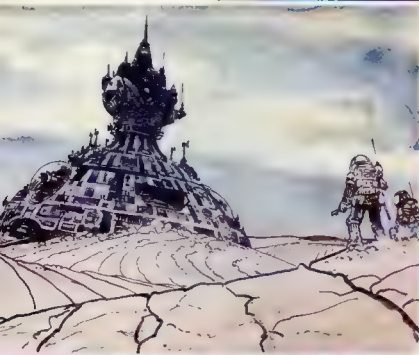


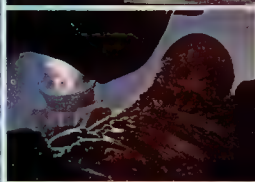


1. Wiederholung (repetition) - the most common
 2. Veranschaulichung (illustration) - the use of
 3. Beispiel (example) - the use of a specific
 4. Erklärung (explanation) - the use of a
 5. Definition (definition) - the use of a
 6. Charakterisierung (characterization) - the use of
 7. Veranschaulichung (illustration) - the use of
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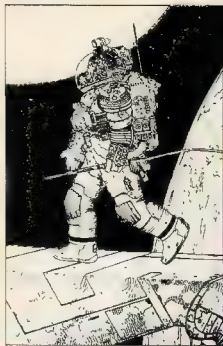
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Gaudinetti were contacted at
 8:11 p.m. by a person who
 said, "I've just seen a UFO."
 When the crew was told the
 signal, they were told to
 and began to search for the
 structure. The structure was
 Director Ridley Scott's story, and
 the language. From the story,
 though, the structure was
 enters the structure and
 about making a film.

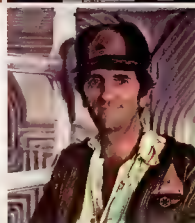




In *P.O.* get uses the term "to be in a
 ca" to describe much of the story.
 Giger's influence is prominent in the
 overall design of *Alien*, especially in the
 scene where the search team discovers
 the long dead space pilot who appears
 to have become one with the
 alien craft. The walls and floors of the
 ship also reflect an organic quality.
 Directly above: The space dock in the
 final stages of preparation for "rooting



The industrialization of space—the interior and exterior costume design for *Alien*—is intended to be functional, and the illustrations of Moebius were followed closely by actual production. Space suits have as many working parts as possible: vapor exhalation systems. On board, the technicians and repair experts look like after-day mechanics or truck drivers: the people who do the fixing look like commercial pilots. All wear tennis sneakers: one character (right) favors Hawaiian shirts.



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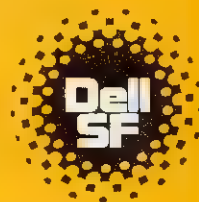
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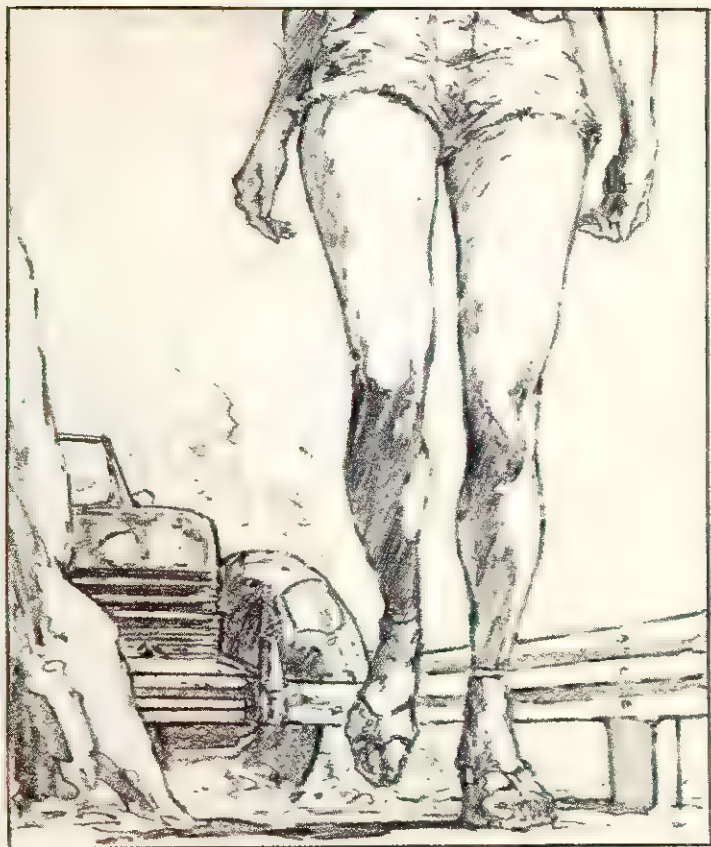
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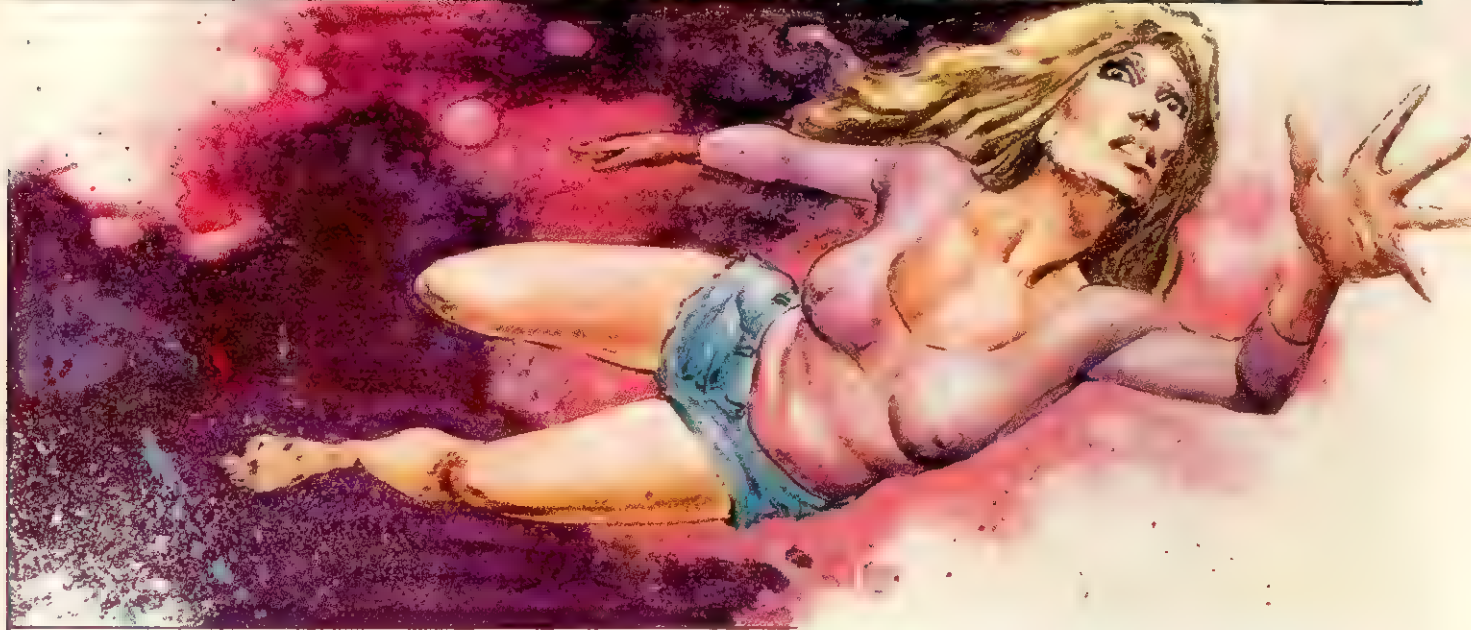
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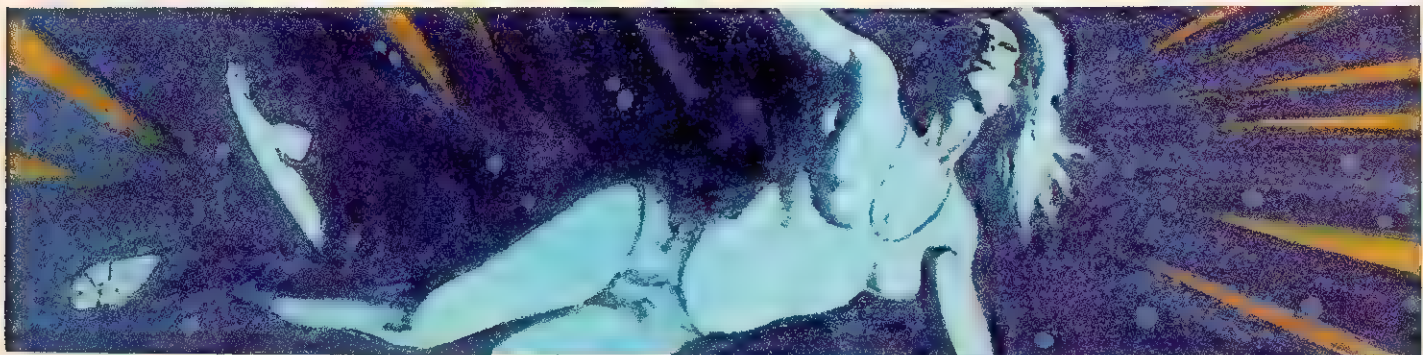


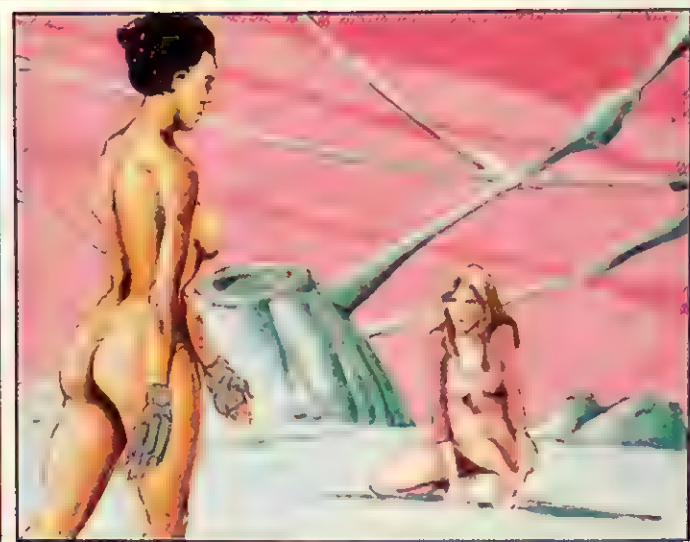
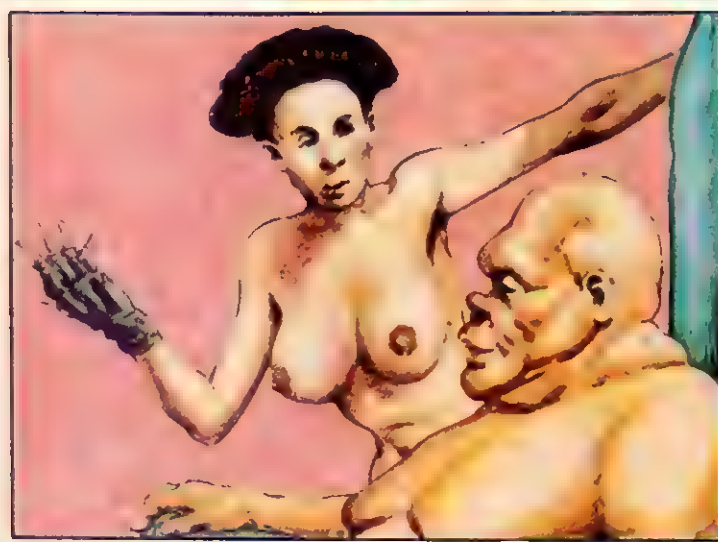
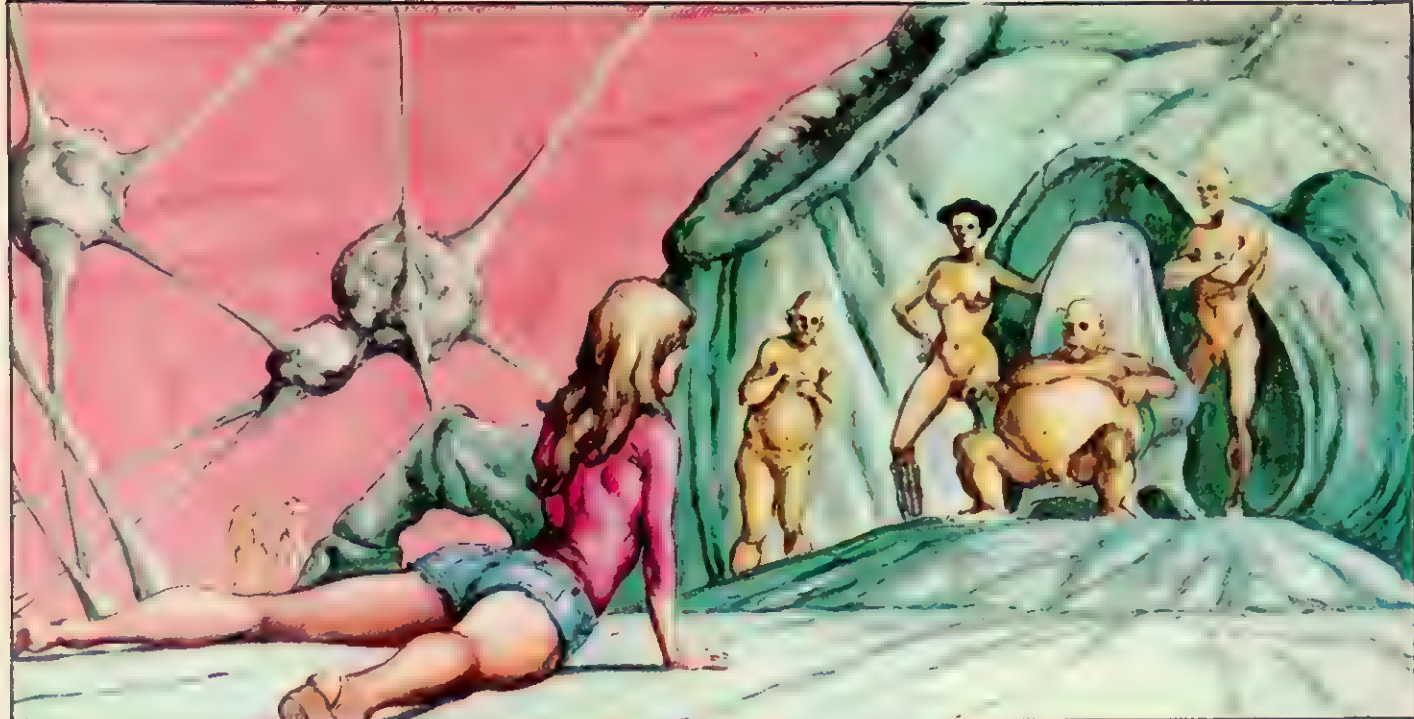
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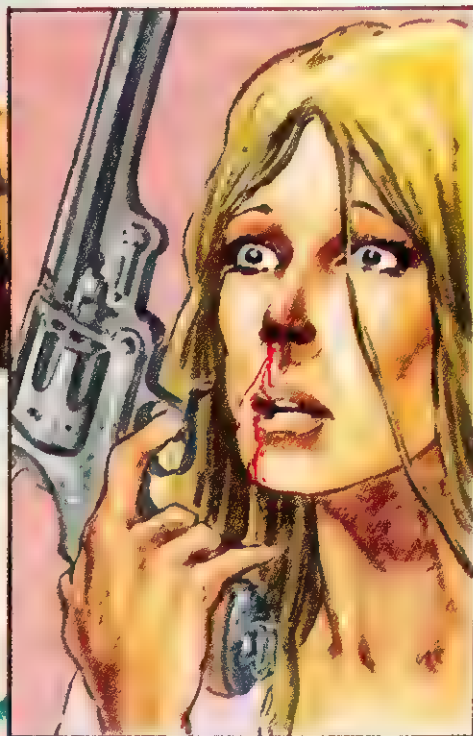
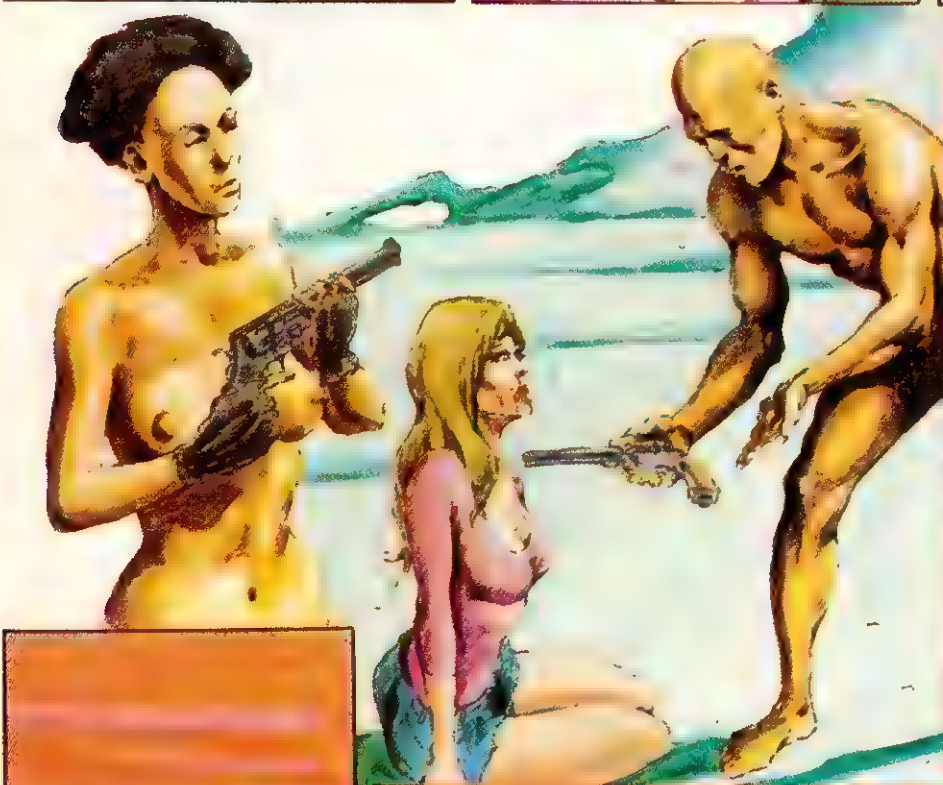


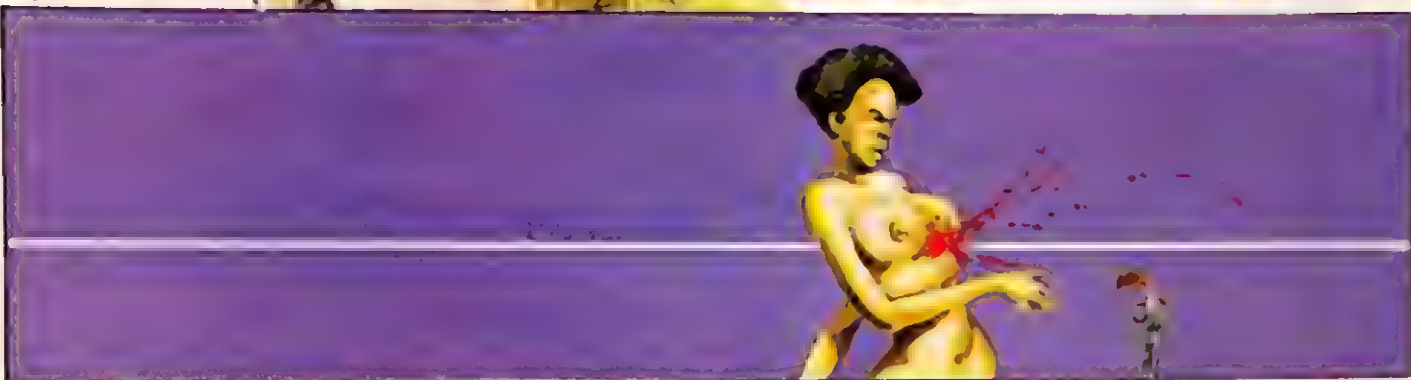


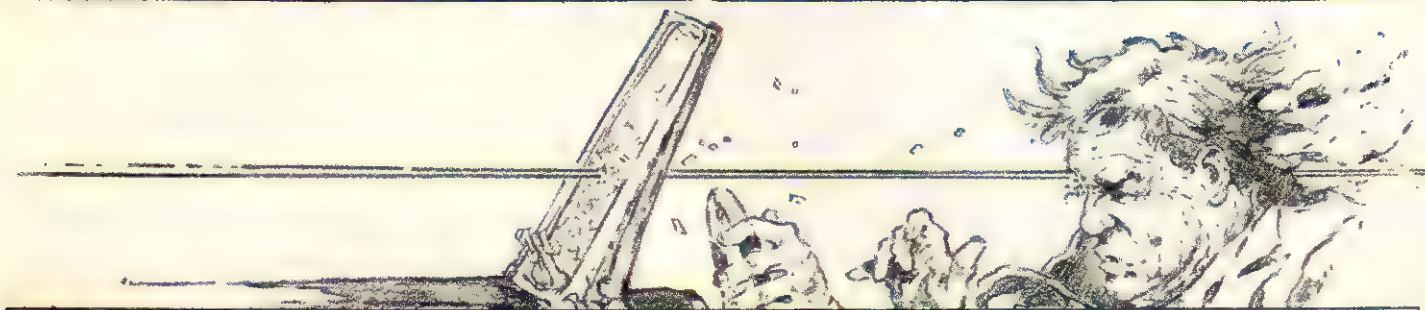
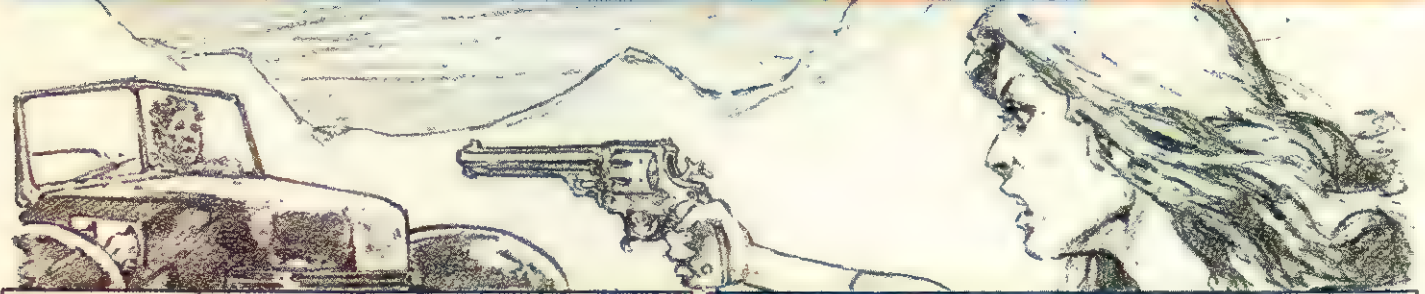
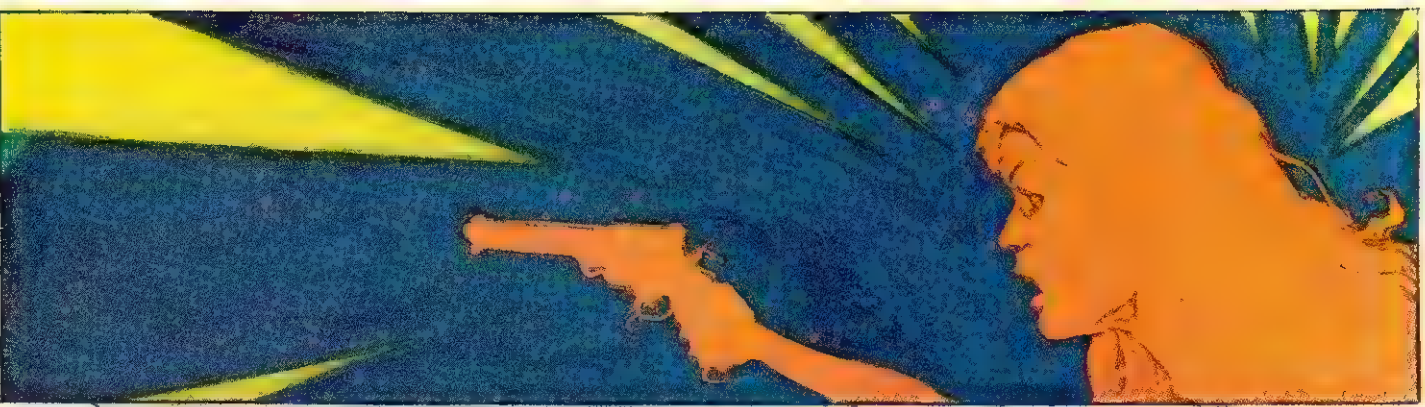


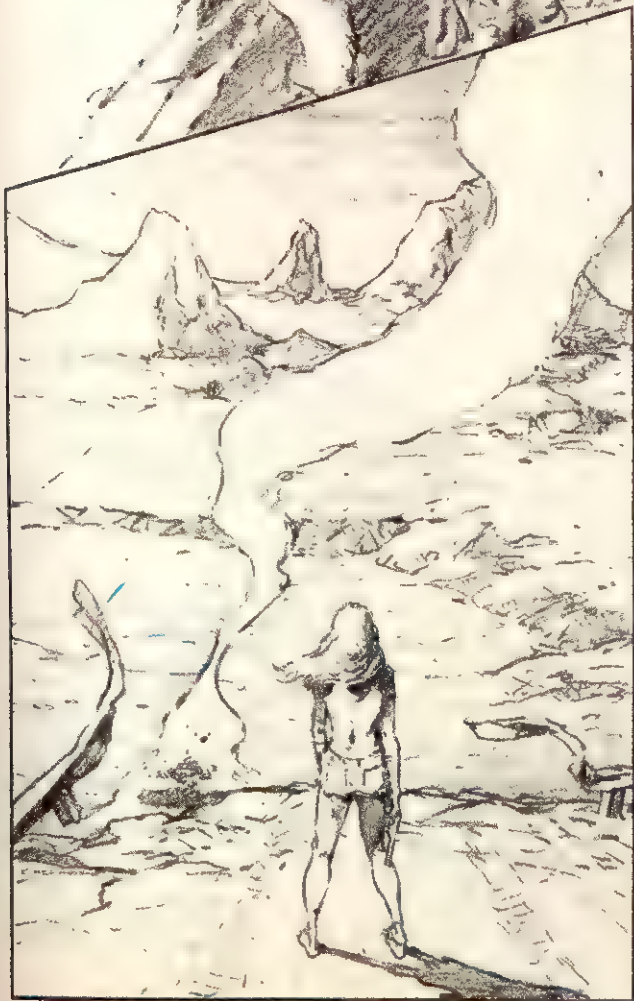
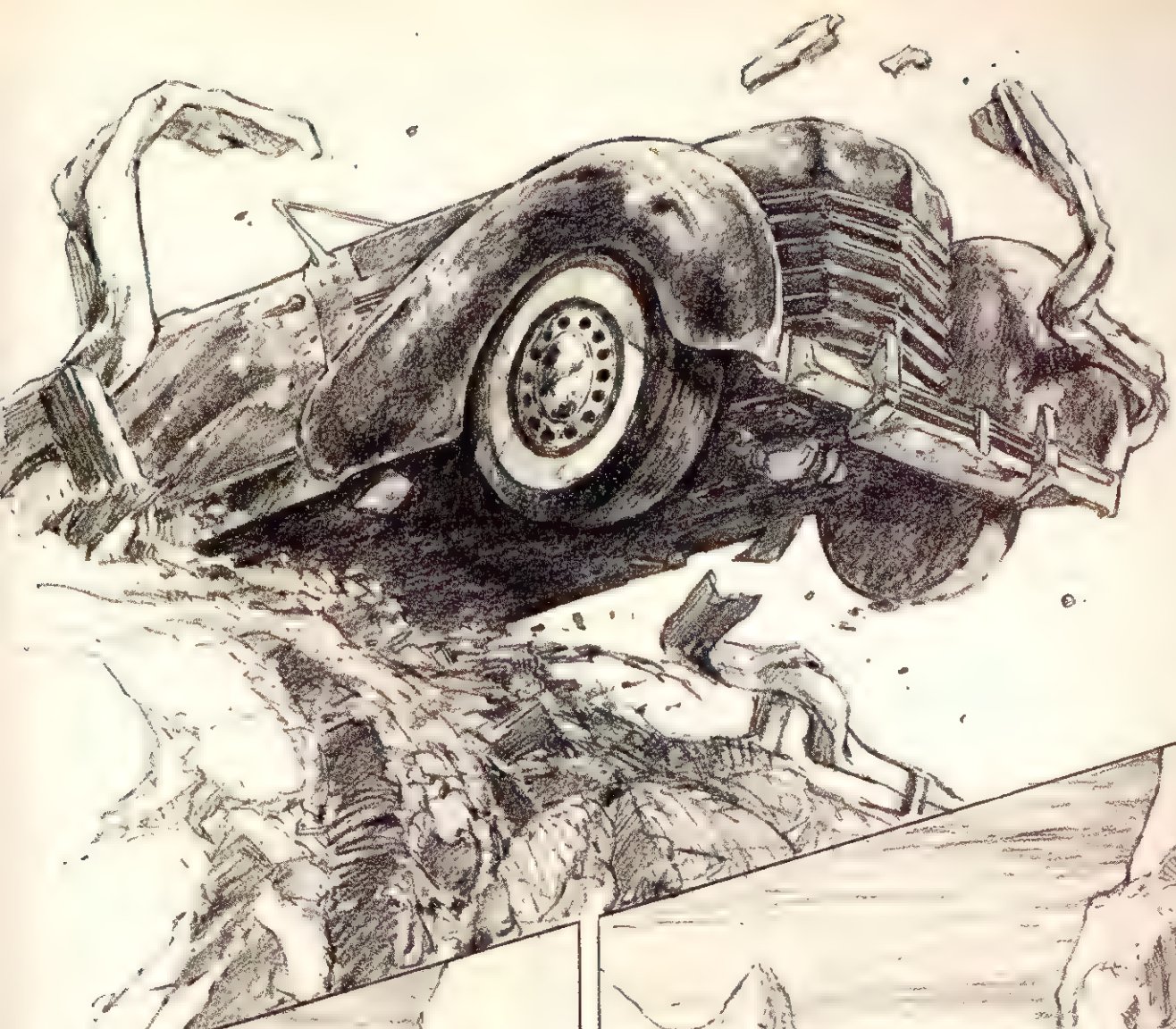












THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

NOEBUS

OF
JERRY
CORNELIUS

HELLO, MR. PRESIDENT!
THIS IS THE AIRPLANE OF
DESTINY CALLING!... THE EN-
GINEER BARNABUS IS ACCOMPANIED
BY YETCHEM... THERE WAS
NO MENTION OF THIS
IN THE EXTERMINATION
CONTRACT. WELL, THEN...

OUR STORY SO FAR: NOW THAT
THE ENGINEER BARNABUS HAS
TOTALLED THE BRAND NEW
WONDERFUL TRANSPORTER
WHICH CORNELIUS HAD EN-
TRUSTED HIM WITH, HE DE-
CIDES TO LEAVE IT ALL BE-
HIND...

WHAT?!!
YETCHEM?!!
THE ARCHER?

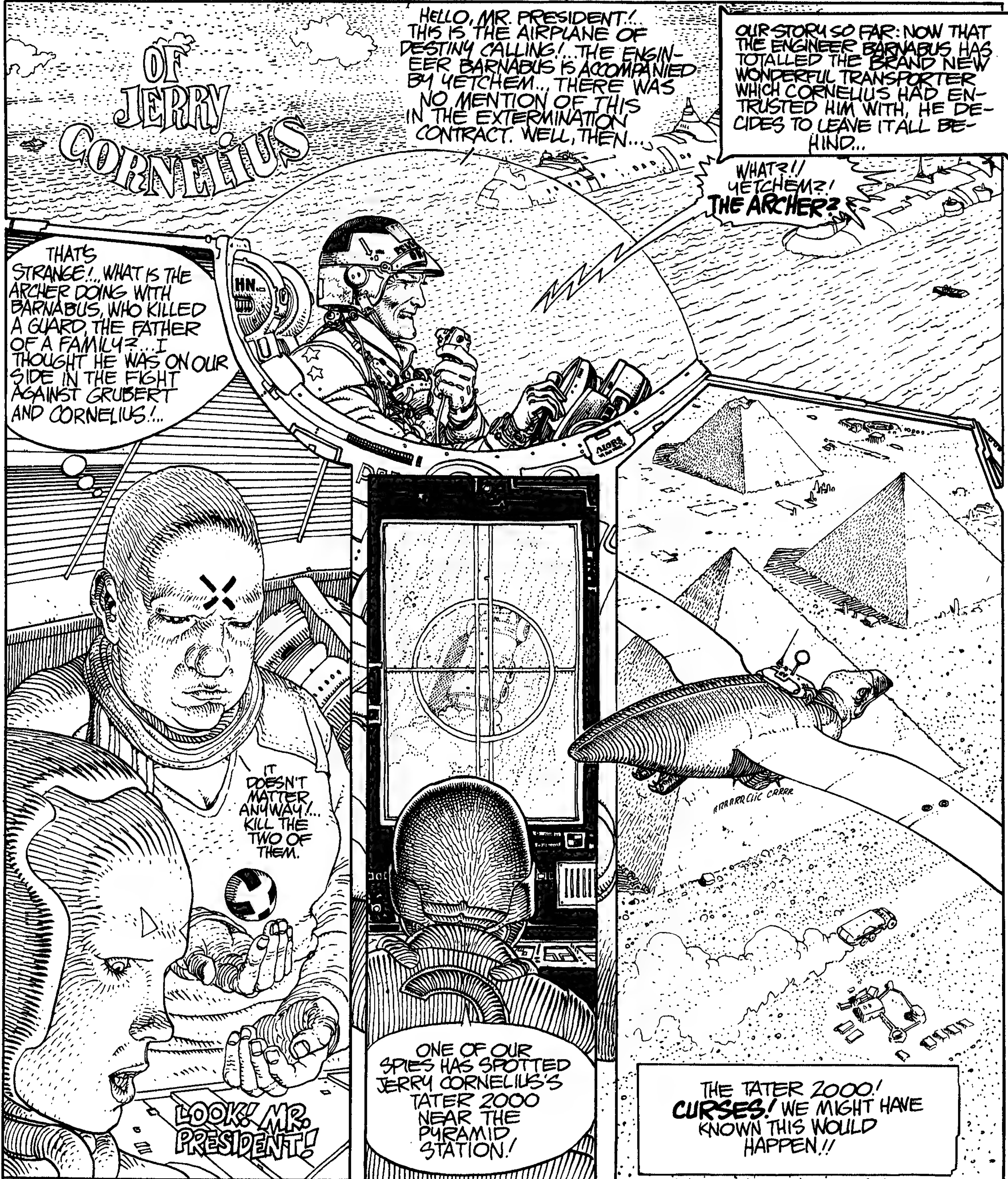
THAT'S
STRANGE!... WHAT IS THE
ARCHER DOING WITH
BARNABUS, WHO KILLED
A GUARD, THE FATHER
OF A FAMILY?... I
THOUGHT HE WAS ON OUR
SIDE IN THE FIGHT
AGAINST GRUBERT
AND CORNELIUS!...

IT
DOESN'T
MATTER
ANYWAY!...
KILL THE
TWO OF
THEM.

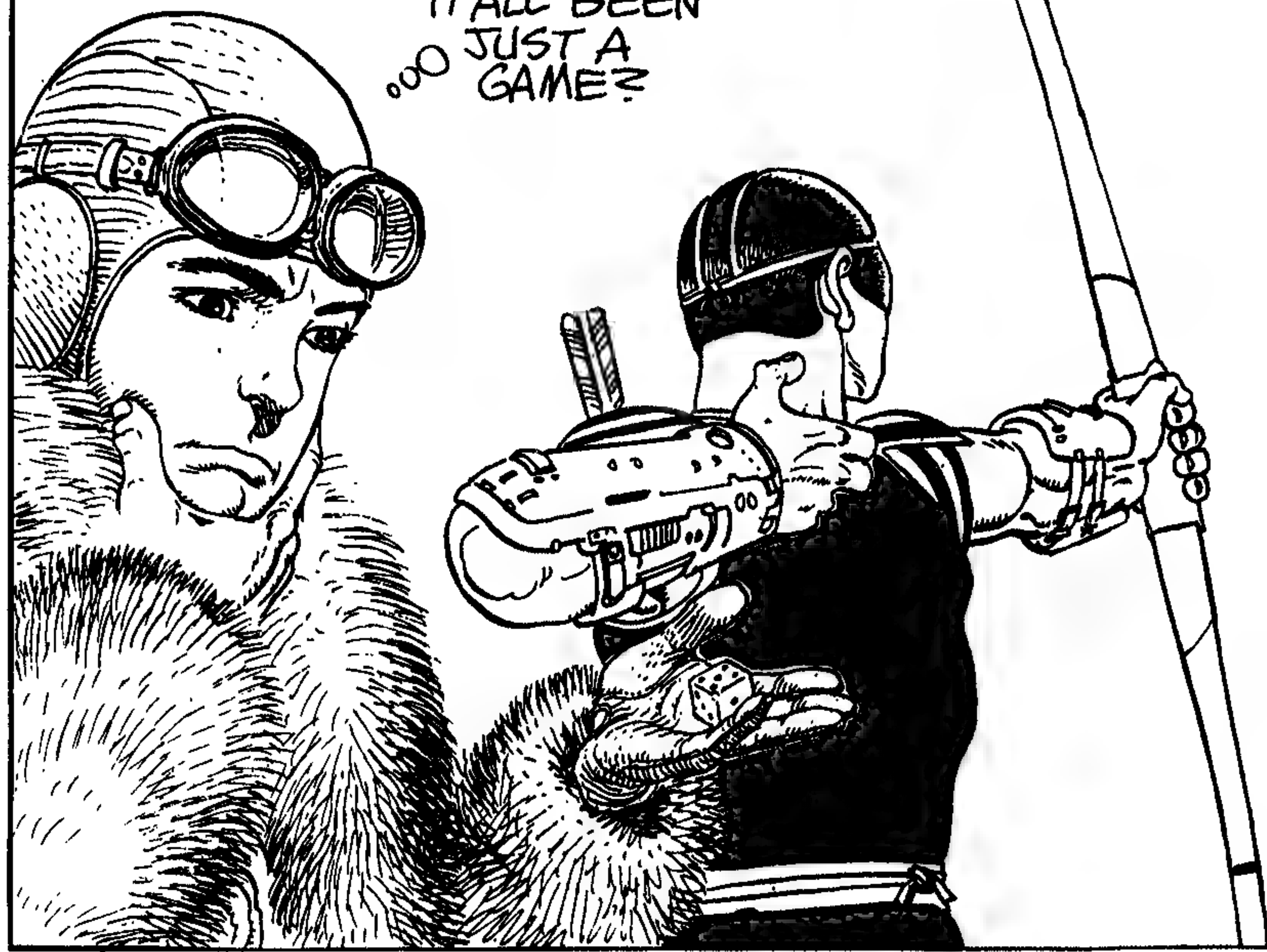
LOOK! MR.
PRESIDENT!

ONE OF OUR
SPIES HAS SPOTTED
JERRY CORNELIUS'S
TATER 2000
NEAR THE
PYRAMID
STATION!

THE TATER 2000!
CURSES! WE MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN THIS WOULD
HAPPEN!!



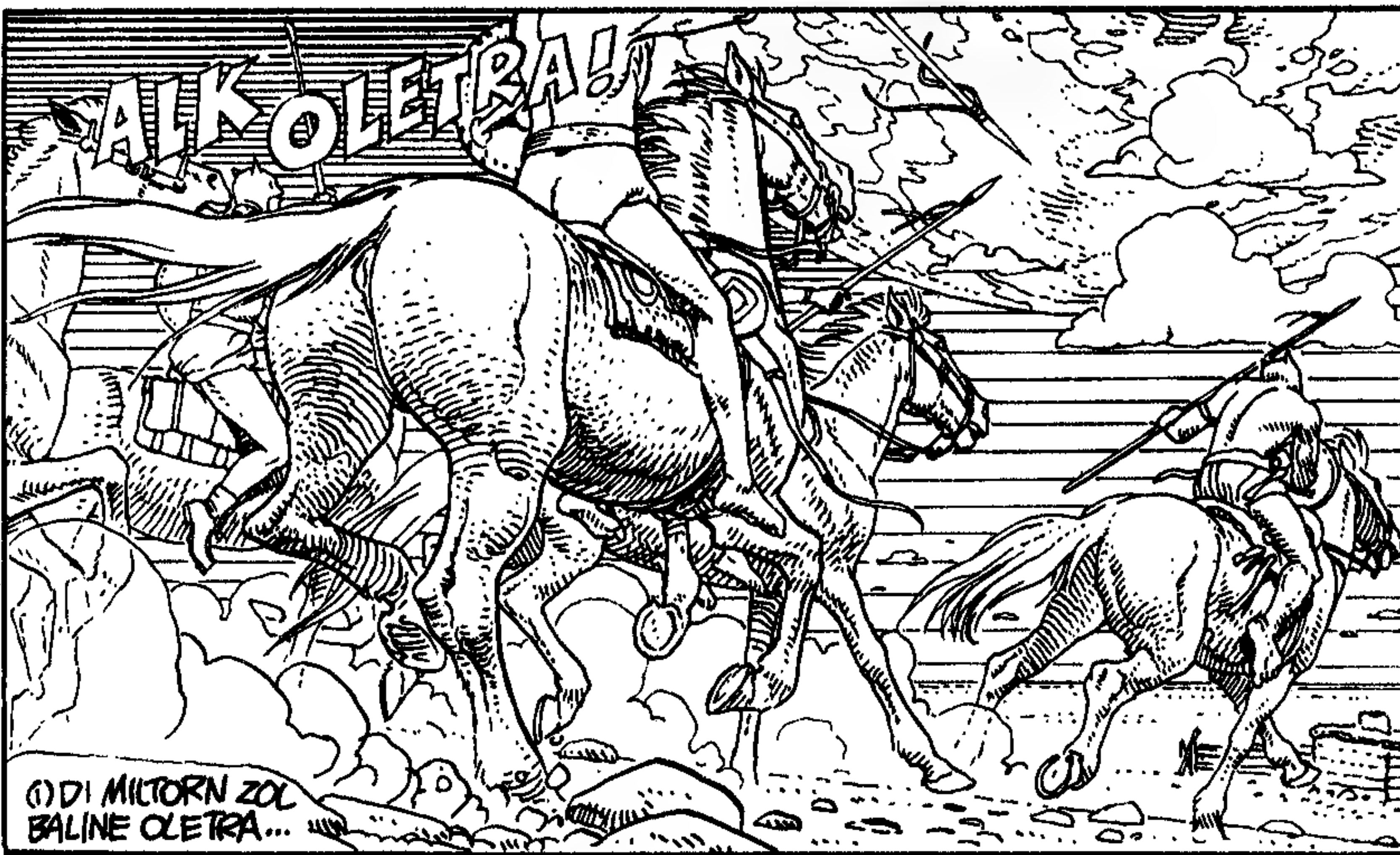
SO... HAS
IT ALL BEEN
JUST A
GAME?



DYRO
OTKRO...



AIKOLETRA!



ASBLOW... DEZAL ORBS... VOSS CALSTOMELLE ALL
ARA VABETZ... SLOMME "METRA" LIKET OTERIS...

KWEE!
MILTROE!

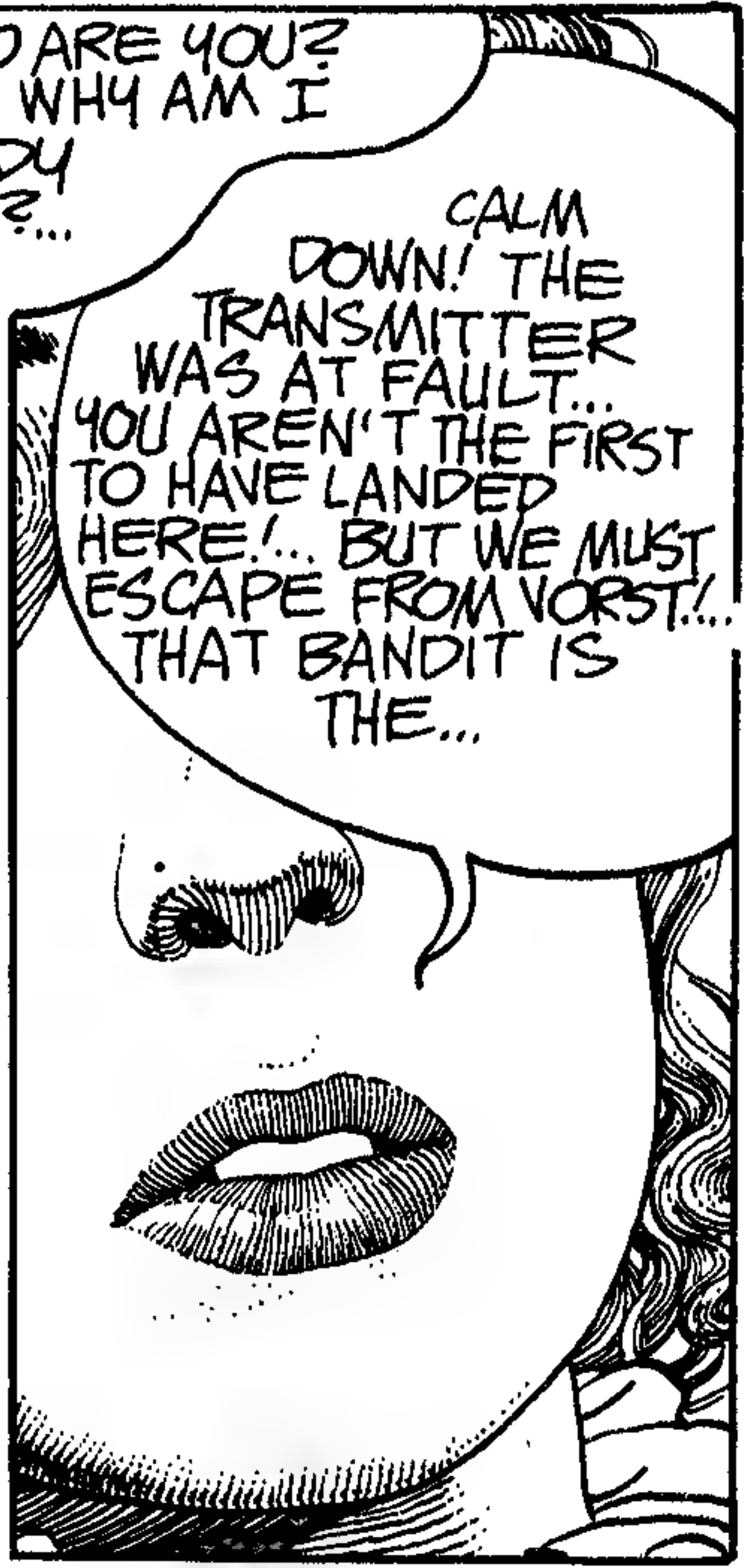
(1) DI MILTORN ZOL
BALINE OLETRA...

IT WAS THAT
BANDIT FROM VORST
WHO DID THIS TO
YOU... YOU
POOR BOY...



WHERE ARE WEZ WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY AM I
NOT IN NORMANDY
AS PLANNED?...

CALM
DOWN! THE
TRANSMITTER
WAS AT FAULT...
YOU AREN'T THE FIRST
TO HAVE LANDED
HERE!... BUT WE MUST
ESCAPE FROM VORST!...
THAT BANDIT IS
THE...



KWEE MILTROE!
BORS VORST BELIO!...
CHTONNE!...



COME
ON,
LET'S GO!...
THAT'S THE
LAST STRAW!...
WE'RE BEING
ATTACKED BY
THE GANG
FROM
MILTROE!

WHO
ARE
YOU?

MOEBIUS

TO BE CONTINUED...

STARCROWN

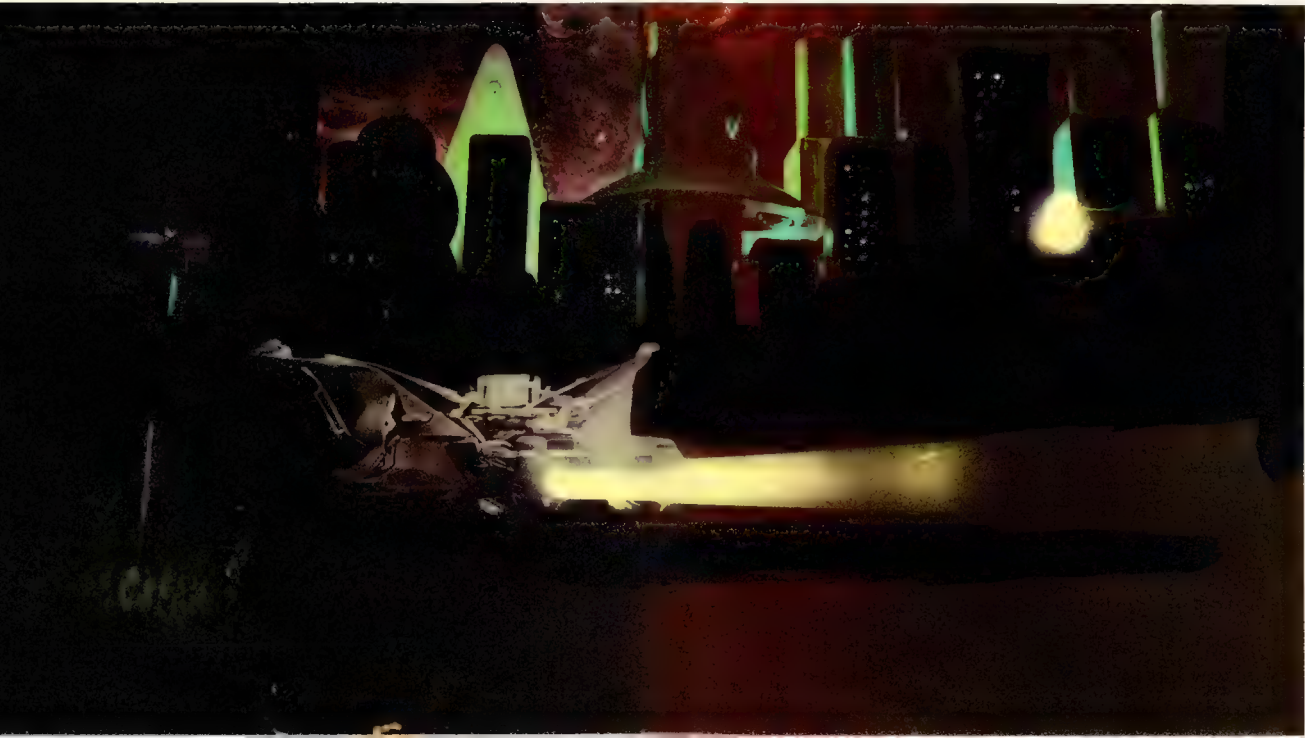
PART III

With reluctance, Flan Sunheart, young scion of the royal House of Sunheart, returns to Ilium Prime, the desert world of his birth. To the youth, life appears seemingly unchanged, at least on the surface. But the presence of Lord Nekron Corona's elite blacktroops at the spaceport creates a vague uneasiness within him.

BY JOHN POCSIK

Accompanied by his loyal robotic companion PEW (actually an electronic psyche-host for his dead uncle Praetorius), Sunheart speeds to the palace for the Empress's, his mother's, birthday. He strides into the thronged hall that evening, unaware that destiny's binding coils are slowly tightening round them all.

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The dinner, exotic and endless, wore long into the evening, enlivened by entertainments both sophisticated and bizarre. Merriment abounded, as well as a gentle solemnity as the holoforms sang their laments for lost Earth.

"And how fares the Goad of Mord?" Flan asked lightly during a lull when the light-dancers were changing their spectrum guides. "I'm surprised to find Nekron Corona still in power; one might think one of his fleet officers would have arranged a fire-drop, or a sonic-cannon implosion, something, by this time."

"My Lord, I don't think we should discuss these matters now. . . ." Rouyn began.

The Emperor silenced the youth with a sideways glance. "The bitter rivalry between the House of Sunheart and the House of Mord is no secret. I am certain Corona has at least fifty spies here at sup with us, each with his or her locutor probe aimed in our direction. Let him gnaw on what we may say.

"Quite a few things have happened since your last visit, Flan. Corona has managed to secure official, voted command of the Imperial Armada – almost every attack wing, and all of the Ilium-based operations. In doing so, he holds the key to this planet and the starlane approaches. In his defense, I will say Corona is a leader without peer, brilliant, ruthless, unswerving in his goals, a brave fighter and a tactical genius. But his also is the spider's brain which directs all plots and confoundments, large and small, against us.

"I am starting to find my power base eroding as more and more of my nobles switch allegiances and defect, attracted by his promises and growing influence. Gaul has told me to exile the man, or at least assign him to rimworld surveillance. Yet though his behavior toward me, the Star-crown, and the Federation itself has been little short of traitorous, he has been ef-

fecting our designs – no doubt because they parallel his. The situation is made even more complicated because of the Federation's current program of colonization, which Corona openly advocates turning into a campaign of conquest. This assignment as Armada Commander has placed a dangerous power, a murderous tool, in his hands. I maintain a delicate balance; my grip on events is, at best, fragile."

"But Corona would never dream of actually moving against us, would he?"

The Emperor reached over to clasp his wife's hand.

"He wants the Starcrown, son; he lusts for the power it represents. He is not like the other Mords." He paused. "I used to think all the fighting would end some day; I even entertained the conceit that I would be the one to bring this about. I used to dream that our blood would issue in a new dawn for mankind, a golden age when our music would float across the hills of a thousand worlds. But Corona – and Mord – are in some ways dark reflections of our own House; they are victims of an ambition and a power-madness as vaulted and white-hot as those stars you fly toward. And their hatred for us and our goals are like sparks thrown up from an ancient flywheel."

He chuckled at that. "Your father is becoming a poet in his old age. Will they sing my songs, erect statues in the old manner after my passing. No, Flan, I hold a body of planets in my hands, yet I am almost a prisoner on my own. The troops here on Ilium are loyal to Corona to a man, my own nobles fight my policies at every turn, and life in the Court is not to be tolerated. There are open mutterings of dissent in the streets – imagined unrest stoked by the lies of Corona's imagerists – and I hear of incident after incident of near revolt throughout the star fleet. And, as you know, there have been

assassination attempts”

“The Mords are pleasant enough to deal with, Father,” Rouyn said, stroking his beard. “I think you are overreacting to a nonexistent threat.”

“We could still be easily rid of Corona,” Oromocto broke in, eyes shining. “As he would be rid of us! Our wealth can buy anything!”

Alidin Sunheart’s face darkened. “That is not our way! For six hundred years, the Sunhearts have ruled this world and our people with honor and justice. A maze-stabbing, a ritual accident in Below, even mindlag projections – that is the way of Mord. Theirs will be the first hands to lift weapons in uprising against the Starcrown.

“*And yet,*” he added, gazing directly at Flan, “were *all* my sons to work with me at keeping him in check – ”

“I wouldn’t count on that if I were you, Father,” Oromocto said, smiling at his brother.

Flan looked away, his face reddening with guilt and shame.

By the time the glacial moon had risen above the horizon, distorted and wavering in the heated night airs, the Sunhearts had retired to the more intimate confines of the Emperor’s garden, where Flan presented his mother with the living robe of the *eeeammur*. The furry white creature settled gracefully upon the Empress’ creamy shoulders, twining its twin tails and soothing her with its psychic purrings; it also watched the gently stirring foliage with unblinking slit eyes. . . .

Flan was in a reflective mood as he sipped the dreamwine, watching the liquid’s cloudy elements separate, combine again, reform. His father’s comments regarding political unrest here on Ilium disturbed him only slightly: the Sunhearts and the Mords

had been at each other’s throats since time had begun to flow, it seemed. Corona’s new position would do little to disturb things.

Flan found himself thinking more and more of the *Omega Wing*; overhead, the stars pulsed and shimmered hotly, insistent in their call. He tried to resist. He felt he should stay this time for some reason. But it was useless.

Keying PEW’s activation signal, Flan rose, stretched, looked around at everyone. He smiled and gave a helpless shrug of his shoulders.

The happy expression on his mother’s face froze, fell apart. “You’re leaving us again,” she said sadly.

He knelt by her side, taking her hand in his.

“Yes. . . .” Little else could be said.

A great weariness was on his father’s face, but those gray eyes still burned with the fires of resolve that Flan remembered. He took his wife’s other hand.

“You cannot deny your heritage forever, son. You are a Sunheart; royal blood flows through your veins, and there will always be a people needing our leadership and protection. Service is our destiny – to the race, to our planet, to the mote worlds humanity thrives or struggles upon. Someone has to guide them; someone has to battle for them; someone, ultimately, has to serve.”

“I can’t accept that responsibility now, my Lord!” Flan answered. Once more he wondered at how much his father had *changed*, what the endless compromises and Federation intrigues had done to this former man of iron will.

He, Flan Oros Sunheart, would never accept *that*, would *never* give up his freedom for

“You will have to – some day,” his father replied. “You will be forced to.” In lowered tones: “I will not pass the Starcrown on to



your brothers. They are both weak and easily swayed by minute details of commerce and profit instead of the realization of our dream for another golden age. Only a true ruler of men may wear the Starcrown, and you are such – whether you realize it or not, whether you care to admit it or not. I sired you, I've watched you grow, I know even now what you think of me – and all this."

Alidin Sunheart's eyes blazed for a moment: "Nevertheless, submit to my will in this matter. Become a Sunheart in truth, and not just in name. Lead us all forward, as I know you can!"

"You said, 'Some day,' my Lord. But not this time."

"Time *is* the only reality, Flan, and our slyest enemy. In the end, it will overwhelm everything, just as the dustfalls have conquered the oceans here on Ilium. We are shapes in the fire that come and go. I know the restlessness which fills your spirit. I understand your desire for freedom, because that desire was once my own. But when my father pressed the Starcrown upon me, I knew what had to be set aside, and why. Our duty to our race is clear cut; a price – the highest price – must always be paid. One day I will ask that of you – and demand it. Hopefully when you preside over the Galactic Assembly, times will have bettered themselves. Do you understand?"

Flan turned away from his father's entreating eyes. Never before had he heard Alidin Sunheart beg for anything, and yet

here was the most powerful man in the galaxy *begging him to listen!* It was more than he could take: he felt the walls dissolving around him again, the unknown and prisoning future surging in upon him. . .

And the guilt, because he knew what he was going to do.

"I have to go!" he said thickly.

"I see," said the Emperor. His melancholy smile returned. "Well, then, nothing remains for us. The cutters will take you and PEW out to the field. You must be anxious for takeoff. The refitters have already finished with your ship."

"That isn't necessary. I'd prefer to leave with less notice than when I arrived."

"Flan, for what it is worth – and at the very least it is worth a father's love and affection – you will soon see the folly of trying to slip through life like a shadow. The Sunheart destiny will prevail."

"I realize that, but. . . " and for Flan there was really nothing further to say. The safe barriers had come down again between him and his family. Between him and cloying intrigues, life-draining days. But the unease was still with him! Best to go now.

Having made polite, but detached farewells to his brothers, Flan halted at the entrance to the corridor shuttle. It was a mistake to look back, yet he could not help himself.

Tears were shining in his mother's eyes. "We won't see you again," they seemed to say to him. Crystalline plant leaves clashed

together.

"I'll be back!" he shouted, almost gaily. "Sooner than you think. Perhaps the next time I'll even settle on Ilium, help Father. . . at Court."

The emptiness of his words made him wince.

PEW was watching it all through the youth's eyes.

◇ **come on : : : flan** ◇ said the small, knowing voice. ◇ **there is nothing more you can say : : : make the parting as brief and painless as possible : : : and never say goodbye** ◇

The Emperor and Empress of Ilium Prime watched their son pass into the dark in a rustle of steelsilk.

Flan eased back on the go throttle as the screamcar arrowed down Ilium's deserted streets. He felt brain-chilled, numb, fading, tired.

Speed markers flashed by, each one lighting up in warning as it sensed the vehicle moving off the regulator track into unauthorized traffic lanes.

Got to go, he kept repeating; got to go, got to get out of this place!

He lowered the hood dome, letting the wind blast hot and fierce against his face to clear away the liquorish fog. They whispered through the City's radiant heart.

◇ **slow it down : : : i sense concentrations of mass and energy movement on city outskirts : : : tau grid scan : : : coor-**

dinate lock-on ::: sectors four zero four ::: four zero five ::: four ten ::: four sixteen ::: closing on sectors five two three ::: five two five ::: high probability of military traffic ◇

"At this time of deepsleep? I wonder how loyal Corona's drivers and tankers are feeling now."

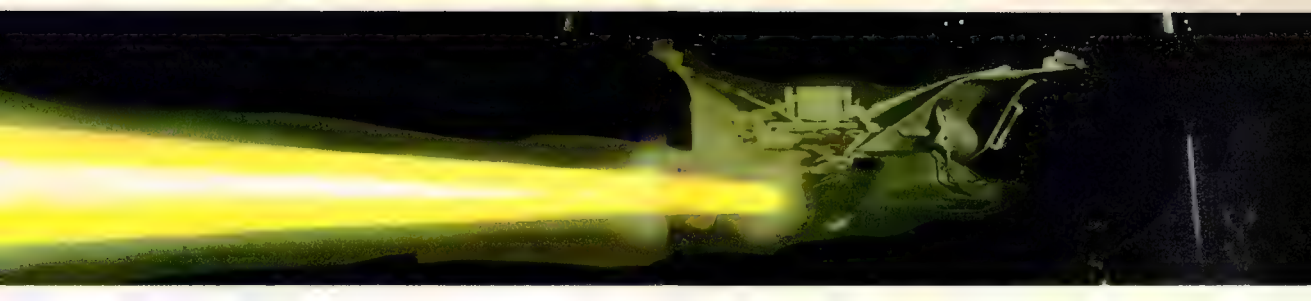
◇ **wait : : : additional readings : : : sectors six two zero : : :** ◇

Skimming alongside a vaporous waste canal, they at last exchanged the City canyons for hydra-tilled countryside and the restless wandering borders of the oxyponic orchards. Darkness closed round their vibrating cocoon like a fist. The isodine headlamps blasted holes through the night fabric, picking out details of road, rock, shadows leaping, the fleeing trees, banishing all in a hurtling spill of light.

Flan leaned back in the seat, letting his head fall back against the rest as he gazed up at the star fields.

The screamcar drifted sideways off the metallic roadway. The warning alarm bawled. He corrected instantly, coolly, bringing the car's computer image – with its two blots of sentient energy registering – back onto line on the screen.

"Damn!" he cursed, at once angered and exultant. Again he was deserting his family, just as he had so many times before, with the same hollow promises to return. Once again the familiar burden of guilt – and release.



CHAIN MAIL

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

You may think this is weird, but I am only eleven years old and I enjoy your magazine. My twenty-seven-year-old brother was the one who first showed me the magazine. Your November issue was, so to speak, *heavy*! I thought your "Sindbad" and "Exterminator 17" chapters were great, but "Orion"... well, I was sort of disappointed. I thought for sure that it was going to end in this issue, but it continued. "The Great Trap," "Gail," and "Off-Season" were ones that I think weren't worth starting (or finishing, for that matter). "The Airtight Garage" was one that I didn't care for at first, but with the last two chapters, it gained my interest. Your excerpt of *Empire* was okay, but if you're going to include excerpts from books all the time, you might as well put the whole book in there. In this case, you have added another ten pages to the selection. I was glad to see the end of "Heilman," although Voss could have made it at least two episodes longer (though last issue's installment was pretty stupid). I also enjoyed "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." I really think that Angus McKie is doing a great job on that story. In fact, why should he stop at eight chapters? Why not ten? or even twelve? I also liked "May I Have a Cup of Diliithium Crystals, Please." Keep up the good work, and I may even get a two-year subscription next time!

Alan Naditz

Dear Alan: Thank you for your letter, but isn't it past your bedtime? Eds.

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

Your stories are getting better. One shortcoming of your mother publication *Metal Hurlant* was that it was a magazine of artists, not writers. Not that I am criticizing *Metal Hurlant*; the French have created a new school of art—Fantastic Art. What a joy after the sterile dead end of the minimal art of the fifties and sixties. But there really wasn't much to read in *Metal Hurlant*; you dwell on the art but the text was generally pointless—a shame when you're drawing comic strips.

How delighted I was to open the January 1979 issue of *Heavy Metal* and read, "Only Connect: The Tumor," "The Ultimate Negotiation," as well as the latest installment of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." Stories! Minimal ones in some cases, but at least I have a reason to start at the beginning rather than the middle or the end.

Corben, of course, never had that problem. All the way back when he was doing underground comics (lo, these many years ago!) he was telling stories. That being the case I will escalate and criticize Corben on a higher level.

His stories are better when he is working with a writer, his solo pieces tend to be excessively gloomy and sometimes ill-defined (but always so beautiful, oh so beautiful). His best work I've always thought was with Jan Strnad. You people at *Heavy Metal* are dodos if you don't dig up Corben/Strnad's "To Meet The Faces You Meet" (in *Fever Dreams*, Kitchen Sink Enterprises, 1972) and reprint it. In my opinion, it's their finest work.

As for Mr. Strnad, I find him better in single-episode pieces rather than long serials. In other words, he's a short story writer and not a novelist. I had high hopes for the "New Tales of the Arabian Nights" when I saw that Strnad had written it, and for the first couple of episodes my hopes were realized. Then it degenerated into the same directionless drunkard's walk as "Den." I plead with Strnad to study the rules of longer drama. As for Mr. Corben, if I haven't made my feelings clear, he's a genius and one of the finest artists of history.

I feel the same way about Moebius, only a little more so, but then I may be prejudiced from knowing him personally. What a wonderful man! His is an enlightened mind. When I first met him he was smoking cigarettes and eating meat. He and I used to get stoned every day at work. Jodorowsky made him get stoned because he worked longer hours that way (ah, memories!). Today Moebius has given up cigarettes and is a vegetarian, and he says it makes him feel so much lighter, so delicate and aware. Would that I could do the same (cough, hack)!

What you don't know is that there's another guy in the world who draws as pretty as Moebius and Corben. His name is Ron Cobb, and he used to be an underground political cartoonist in the sixties. Remember R. Cobb's weekly cartoon in the *L.A. Free Press*? Well, what you don't know is that he has always considered himself a painter and is a life long student of science fiction. In 1969 I walked into his tiny Westwood apartment and saw a mind-bendingly convincingly painting of a twenty-mile starship, which he was doing as an album cover for Jefferson Starship's first album under that name. Tragically he never finished it, and it exists only as a dusty canvas in his closet. But I realized at that moment I had stumbled upon a unique artist. I kept after him for years to do something about it, and he just finished designing *Alien* with H. R. Giger. If you guys want to add another star to your tree you'll get him on the phone and start wheedling with him.

Your readers are in a constant froth over sex in *Heavy Metal*. A certain number of them seem to be overcome with revulsion every time one of Corben's massive weenies flops out, and it ruins their enjoyment of the rest of the magazine. A continual complaint is of pictures of space sirens who look like they want to get fucked. To those people I say: time marches on, kiddo, and art isn't art if it walks at the tail of the column. You can always read the DC Collectors' Editions. Personally, I like to fuck.

Keep it up. Your magazine is a work of art and there won't be another one like it for a long, long time.

All Meffle Ren Kelston.
Dan O'Bannon
L.A., Calif

Beginning in May...

ALIEN

THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

The dazzling, terrifying tale of life and death in the far reaches of space — based on the sensational film from Twentieth Century Fox and rendered for *Heavy Metal* by the award-winning team of Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson.

Watch for
Nino

A Brandywine-Ronald Shusett Production
Produced by Gordon Carroll and David Giler
Directed by Ridley Scott
Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon, Walter Hill and David Giler
Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett
From Twentieth Century Fox

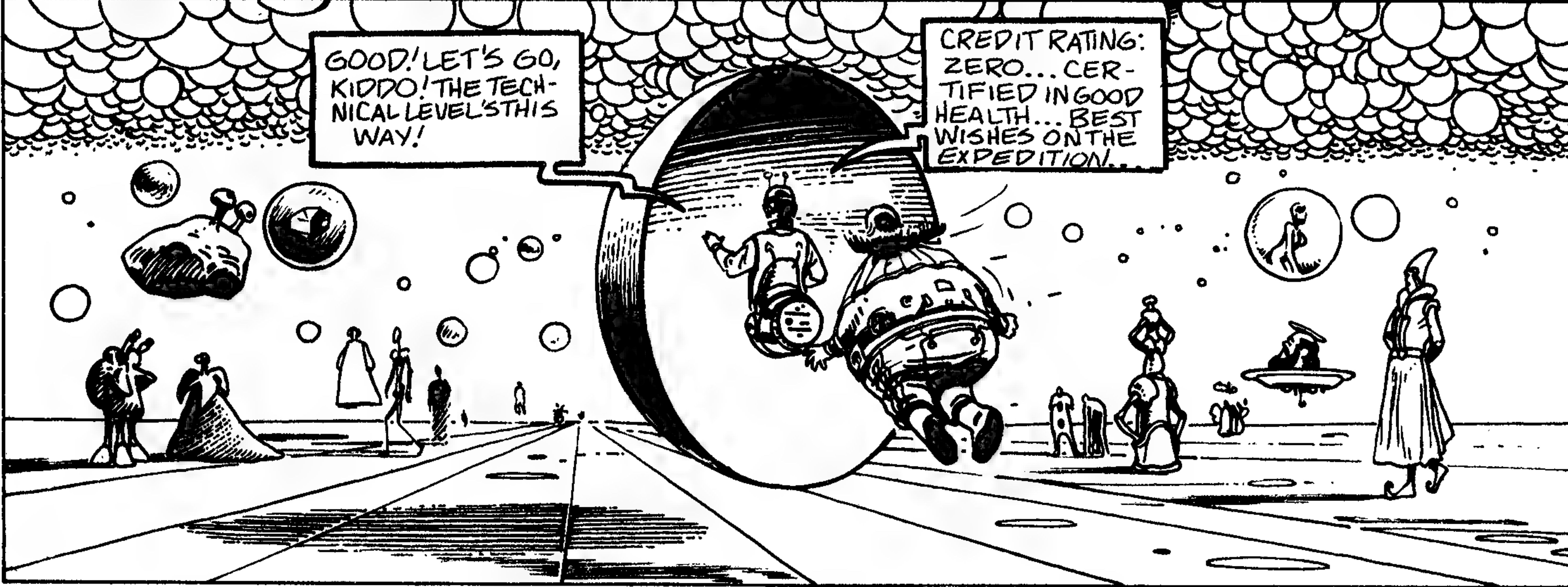
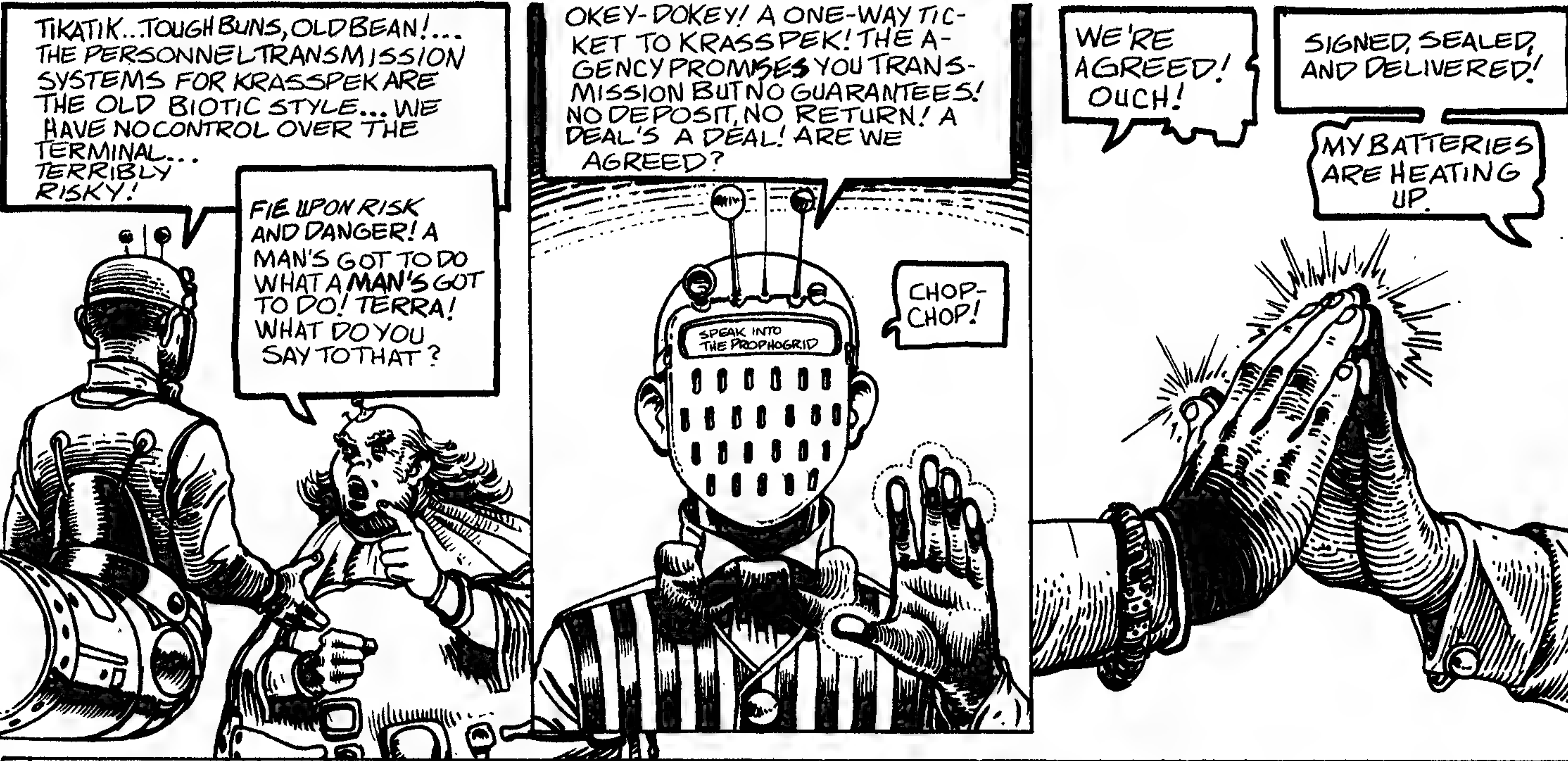
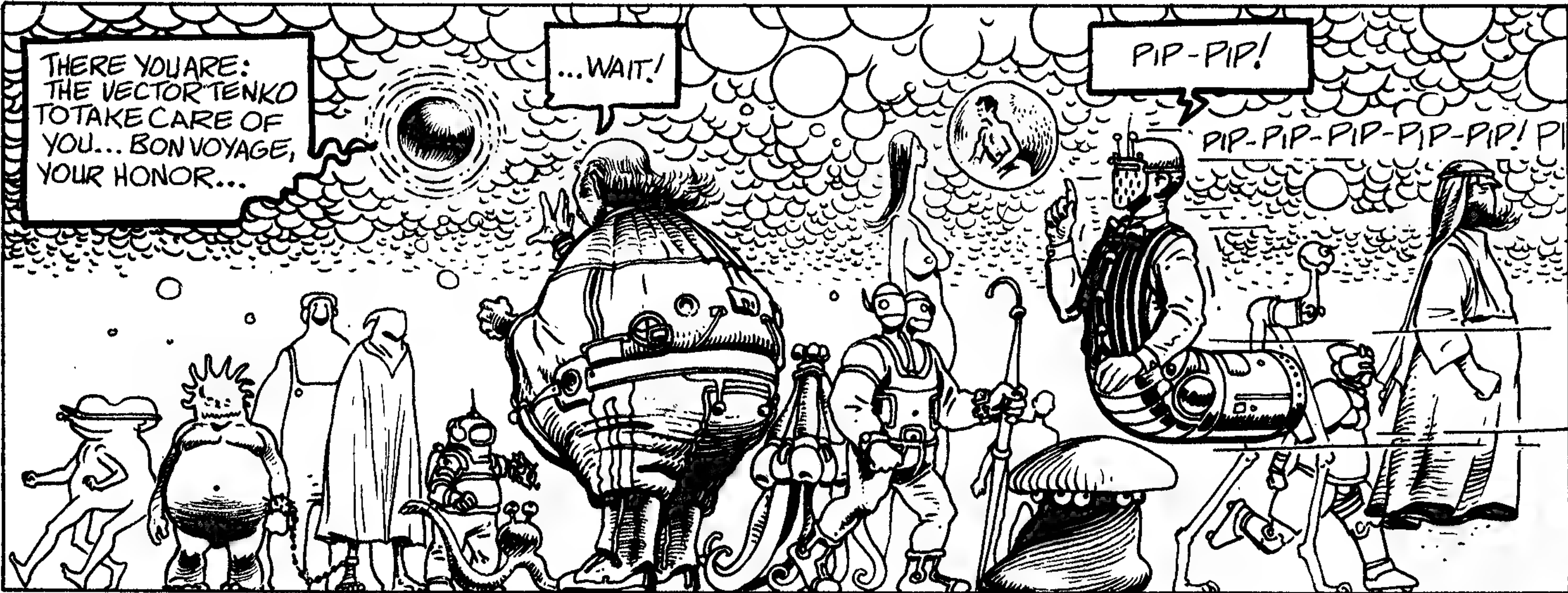
WELL HELLO, HELLO, YOUR HONOR!
WILL YOU BE BOARDING THE LUX-
URMA OF NOUBAH THE GIANT. OR
THE INTERLUNAREXPRESS FOR
THE PLANETEROID BELT?

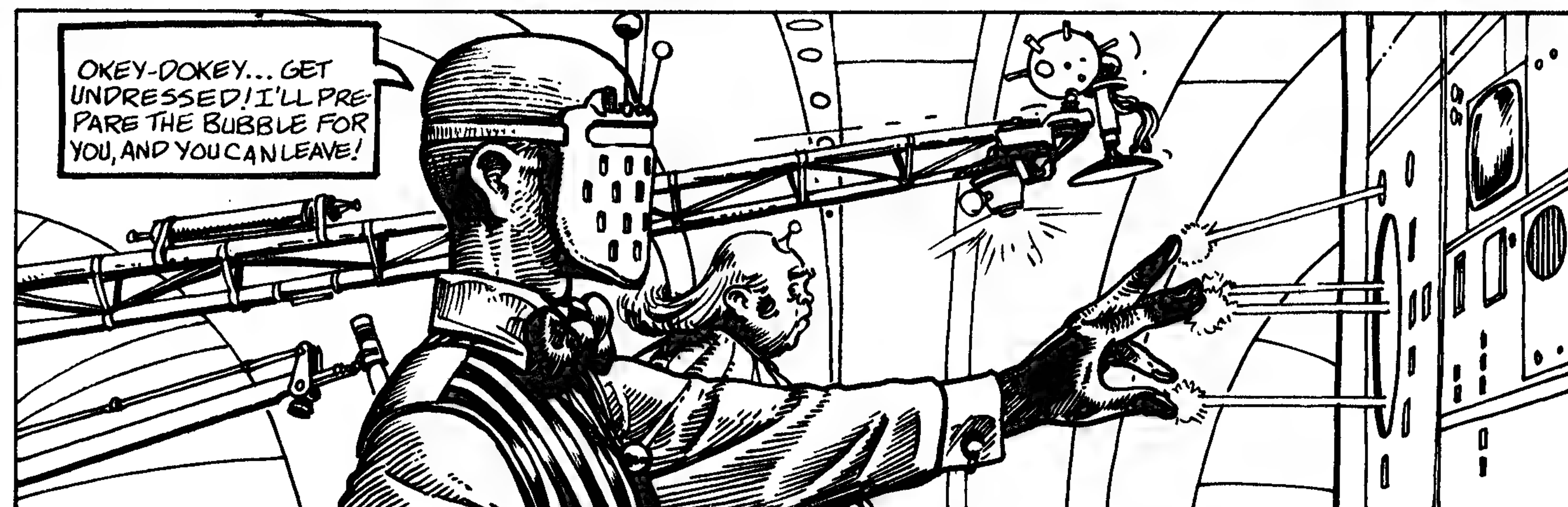
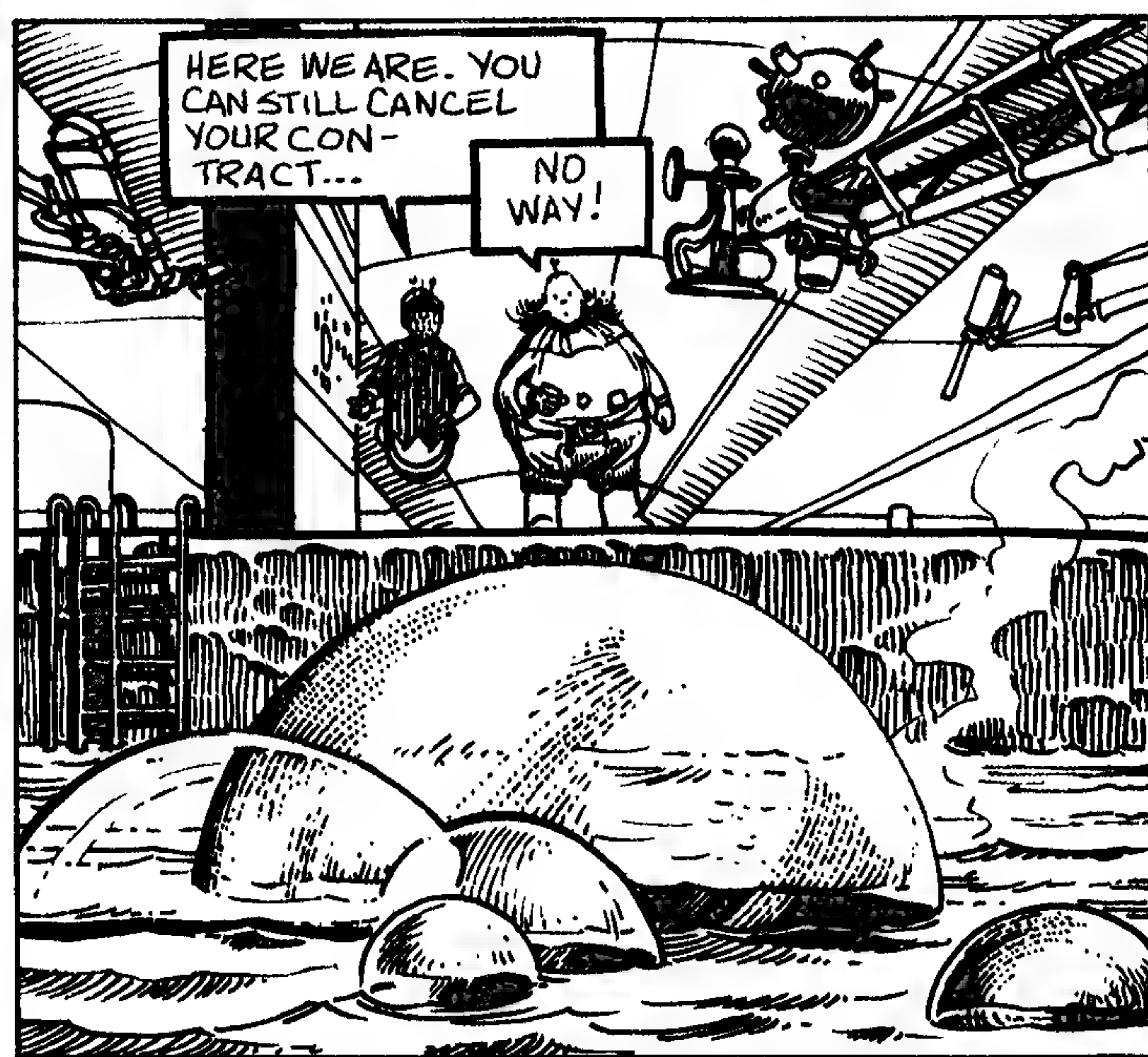
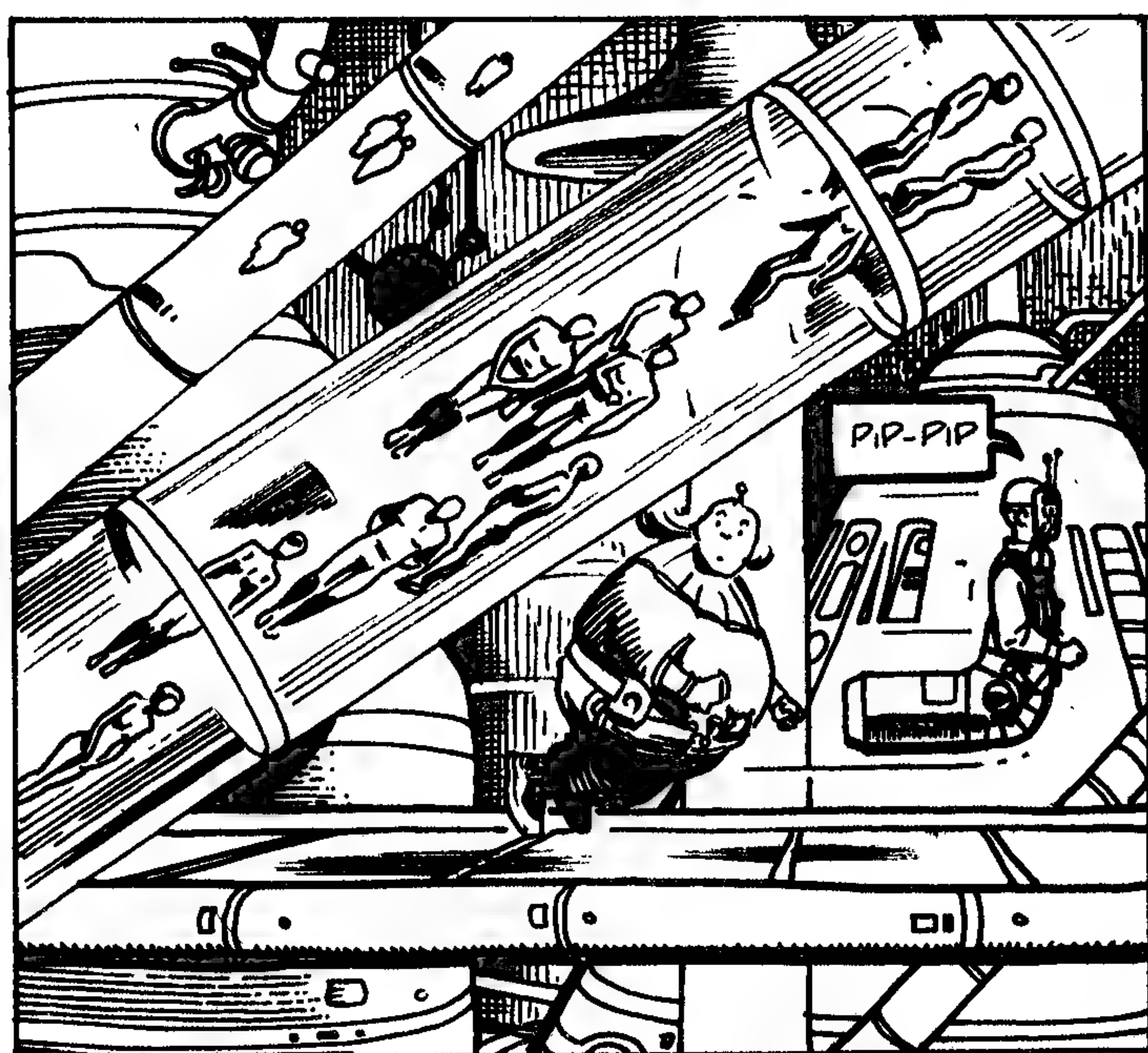
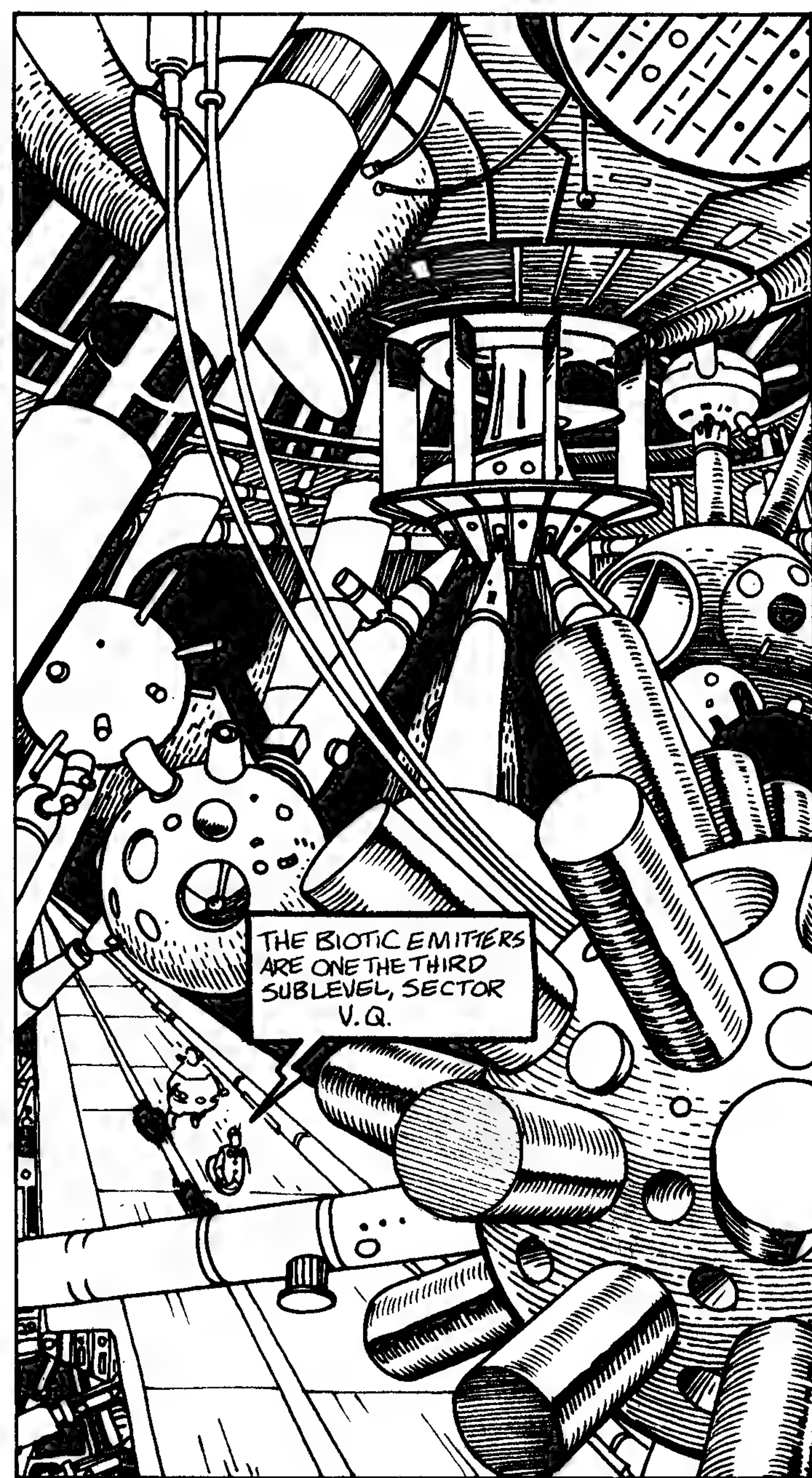
MMMM...NO,
MAMA-ZELL....

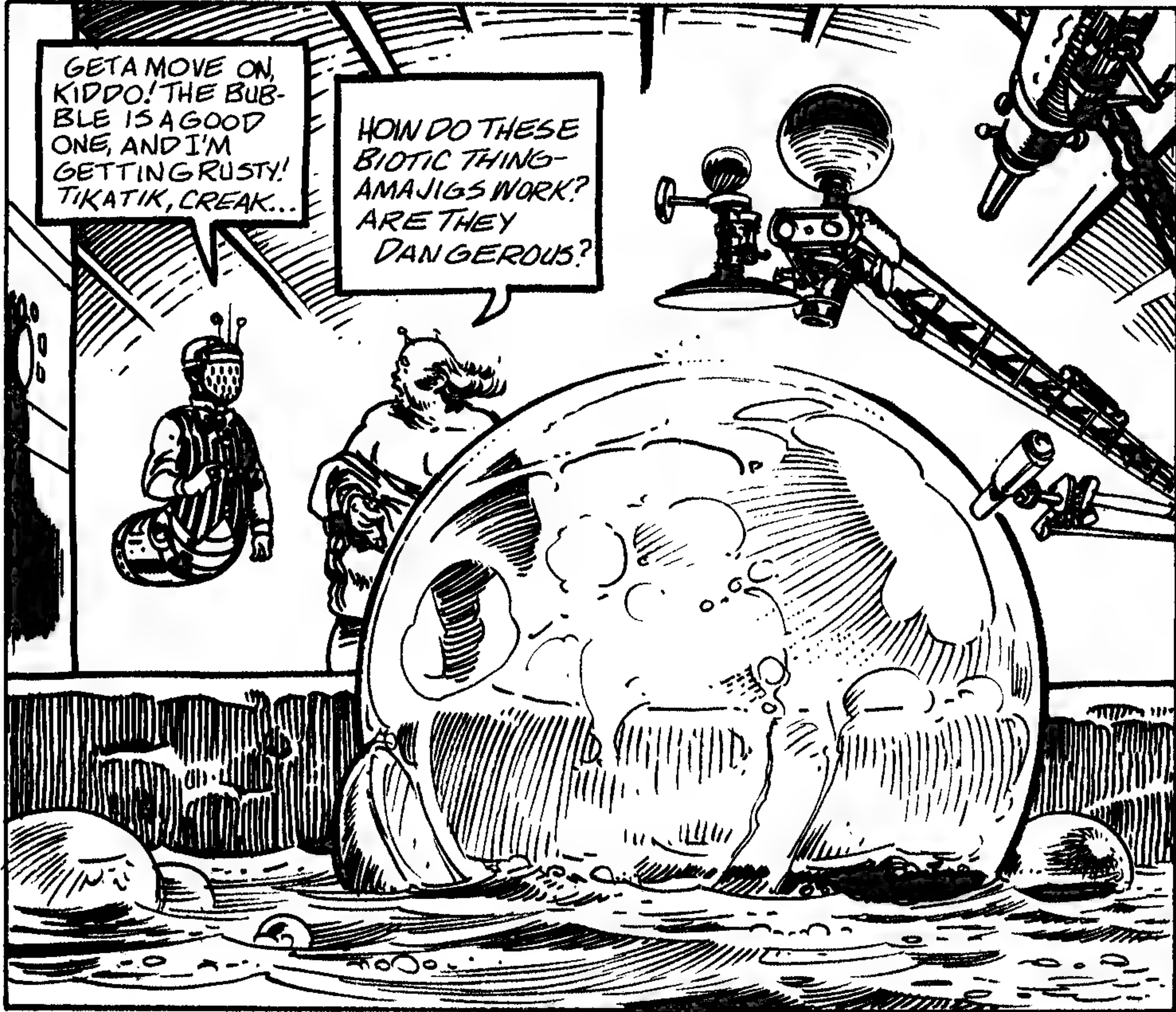
ONLY CONNECT: ONE-WAY TICKET

MMMM...MY HIGH LEVEL ARCH-
OLOGIC RESEARCH CONFIRMS
MY THEORY THAT THE LEGEND-
ARY LAND, THE MOTHER PLANET,
SUN-3, IS NONE OTHER
THAN THE PLANET KRASS-
PEK, WHICH IS WHERE I
WOULD LIKE TO BE SENT...

KRASSPEK?!
WHAT! THAT'S IN GALAC-
TICA, THE FORBIDDEN
ZONE!... THAT'S... I'LL
CALL A VECTOR FOR YOU!







GET A MOVE ON, KIDDO! THE BUBBLE IS A GOOD ONE, AND I'M GETTING RUSTY! TIKATIK, CREAK...

HOW DO THESE BIOTIC THING-AMAJIGS WORK? ARE THEY DANGEROUS?



IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE TERMINAL RECEPTOR... YOU TAKE YOUR CHANCES. YOU CAN STILL FORGET THE WHOLE THING.

NO, NO! I'VE DECIDED I'M LEAVING! TERRA WILL BE WORTH ALL THE RISKS!

LET'S GO, KIDDO! STAND ON THE EDGE OF THE POOL!



I - HOLD YOUR BREATH!
II - JUMP INTO THE BUBBLE!
III - PUSH YOURSELF TOWARD THE EXIT!
IV - LEAVE... AND YOU'RE THERE...

PIP-PIP

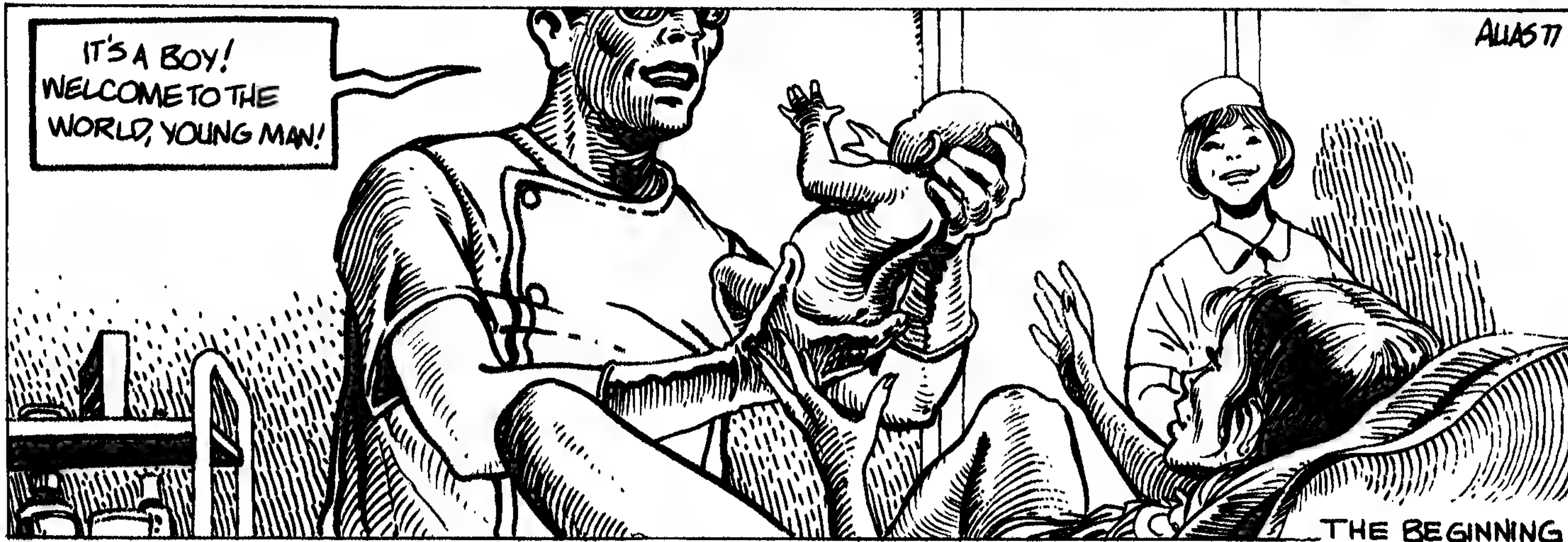
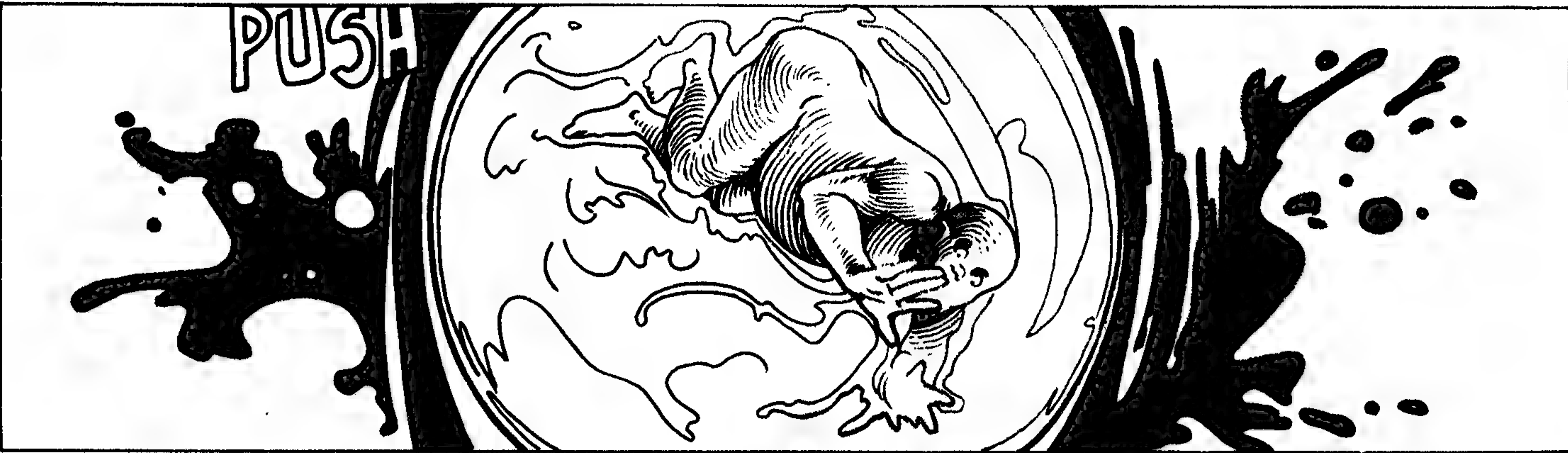
PIP-PIP-PIP-PIP



GET GOING, KIDDO! CHOP-CHOP! I - BREATH DEEP II - JUMP!!



III - PUSH YOURSELF



NO LOVE LOST

NIGHTFALL SUSPENDS THESE STRANGE AND BRUTAL POLICE TACTICS IN THE HEART OF THE SUPERCITY.

—ENOUGH FOR TODAY, ORDERS THE MAN WHO APPEARS TO BE THEIR CHIEF. WE'LL CONTINUE OUR INVESTIGATIONS TOMORROW.



—THERE, THE PATROL'S LEAVING. WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE!
—THIS CAN'T GO ON, 'MURMURS ALEX...



—I MUST LEAVE, LINDA...
—HAVE YOU GONE TOTALLY MAD?! SHE GASPS.



I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, ALEX...
—NO, IT'S BETTER THIS WAY. FOR TOO LONG I HAVE PUT YOUR LIFE IN DANGER BY STAYING HERE. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, LINDA.



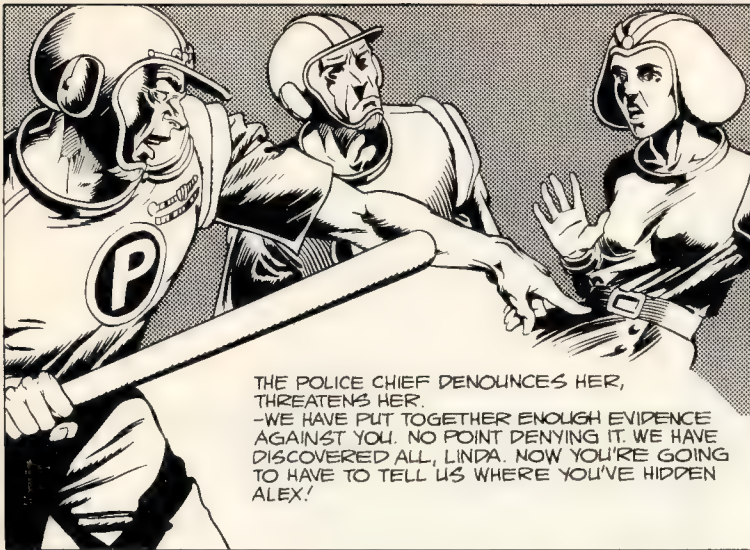
ALEX PLUNGES OFF INTO THE JUNGLE THAT SURROUNDS THE SUPERCITY.



LINDA FALLS INTO A DEEP SLEEP, CRUSHED BY HER TERRIBLE GRIEF—AND FAILS TO HEAR THE REPEATED KNOCKS AT HER DOOR.



LINDA WAKES WITH A START. TWO MEN HAVE BURST INTO THE ROOM.
—OH GOD, NO! IT'S THE CHIEF OF POLICE!



THE POLICE CHIEF DENOUNCES HER, THREATENS HER.
-WE HAVE PUT TOGETHER ENOUGH EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU. NO POINT DENYING IT. WE HAVE DISCOVERED ALL, LINDA. NOW YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN ALEX!



GIVE US ALEX, OR COME ACROSS!

HHMM... I CAN'T BETRAY ALEX...



WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON, A ROCKET FLYING OVER THE JUNGLE FINDS ITSELF IN TROUBLE...



...LINDA AGREES TO COME ACROSS RATHER THAN BETRAY ALEX...



THE SPACESHIP CRASHES INTO THE JUNGLE...



AND ALEX NOTICES THE SPACESHIP CRASHING INTO THE JUNGLE.



SO LONG, LINDA! I'M OFF TO FIND ALEX!
BUT LINDA STOPS HIM:
-WAIT A MINUTE!



ALEX ARRIVES
AT THE SIGHT OF
THE WRECK.

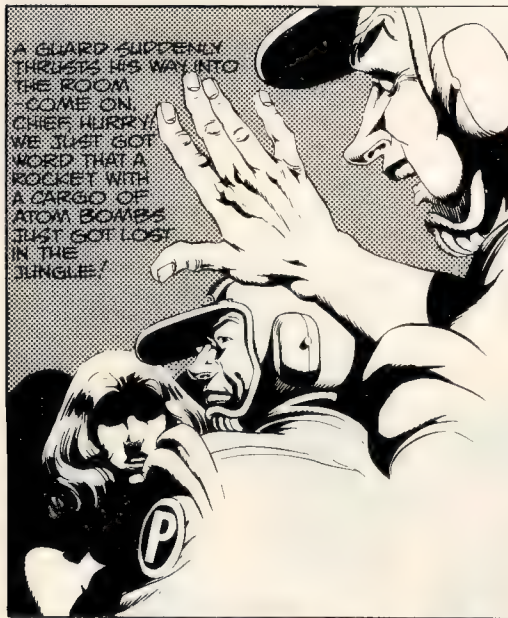


WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING FOR
ALEX?

HE'S A DANGEROUS
PSYCHOPATH! HE
WANTS TO BLOW
UP THE PLANET!



MEANWHILE, ALEX
DISCOVERS SOME-
THING IN THE SPACE-
SHIP!



A GUARD SUDDENLY
THRUSTS HIS WAY INTO
THE ROOM.
-COME ON,
CHIEF HURRY!
WE JUST GOT
WORD THAT A
ROCKET WITH
A CARGO OF
ATOM BOMBS
JUST GOT LOST
IN THE
JUNGLE!

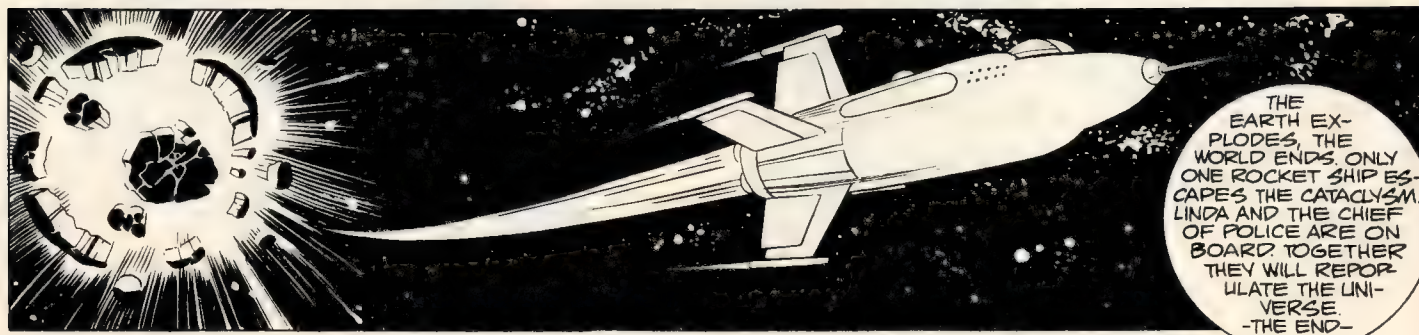
-OH, BUT ALEX JUST LEFT FOR
THE JUNGLE!
-WHAT! ROARS THE POLICE CHIEF!



HURRY TO THE ASTROPORT!
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE
WE CAN SAVE OURSELVES!



ALEX ACCOM-
PLISHES HIS
DEMONIC
TASK.



THE
EARTH EX-
PLODES, THE
WORLD ENDS. ONLY
ONE ROCKET SHIP ES-
CAPES THE CATAclysm.
LINDA AND THE CHIEF
OF POLICE ARE ON
BOARD TOGETHER
THEY WILL REPOR-
ULATE THE UNI-
VERSE.
-THE END-

Let Us Transport You...



...to times past and future, to places distant and diverse. A galaxy of luminous illustration and limitless imagination is yours, month after month, in *Heavy Metal*, the world's most widely read adult science-fiction and fantasy magazine. A subscription offers substantial savings over newsstand prices, and guarantees that you won't miss an issue.

PYLOON

in

'BREAKING THE ICE'

ART: RAY RUE SCRIPT: LEO GIBBOUX, JR.



AT ONE OF THE POLES OF THE PLANET AAX
IN ANDROMEDA GALAXY, FIERCE PYLOON
PURSUES QA, A FEMALE OF HIS SPECIES.



LANDING, APPROACHING HER, SLED CAUTIOUSLY,
HE SEES HER ON AN ICE LEDGE.
"SHE IS TOO CALM," HE GROWLS; "NO FEMALE
AAXIAN IS EVER SO EASILY CAUGHT DURING
THE MATING SEASON!"



THEN HE REALIZES
THAT SHE IS MEDI-
TATING ON ONE OF THE
AAXIAN NEUROGLYPHS
ON HER FLANK. THESE
PSYCHIC SYMBOLS OF THE
AAXIAN SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE
ARE POWERFUL. THERE IS NO
WAY HE CAN TRANSLATE HER
PARTICULAR GLYPH.
IS SHE PONDERING HIS DOOM?

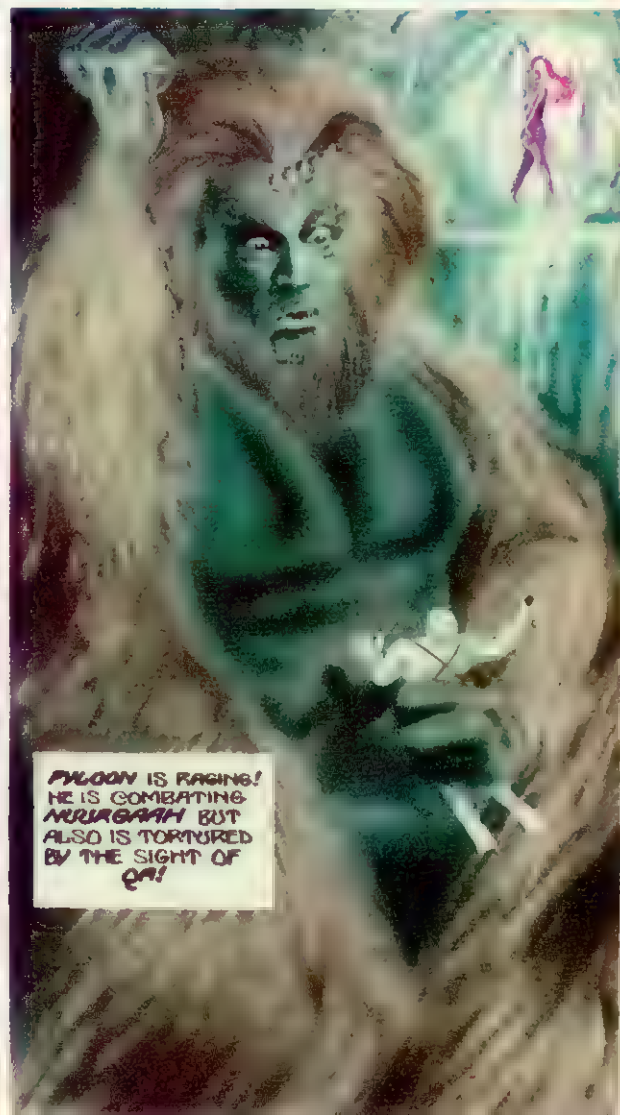
HE NOTICES THE SPECTRAL SHIFT FROM PURPLE TO THE WARMER YELLOW. THE ARM BAND GRAFTED ON HIM FROM CHILDHOOD PROCEEDS TO ADJUST HIS METABOLISM.
A GUYPH NEAR HIS STOMACH SPEAKS TO HIM PSYCHICALLY, AND JUST IN TIME HE NOTES THE COLOR SHIFT HAS AROUSED...



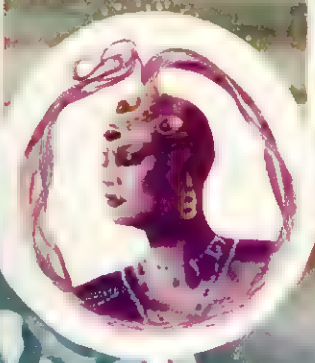
NUURGAH!

NUURGAH IS TO BE HER PROTECTOR.
NUURGAH!

...WHO SLEEPS THROUGH MANY LIFE-
TIMES -- WHO COLLECTS FOOD THAT
HE PARKS IN ICE FOR A FUTURE TIME!



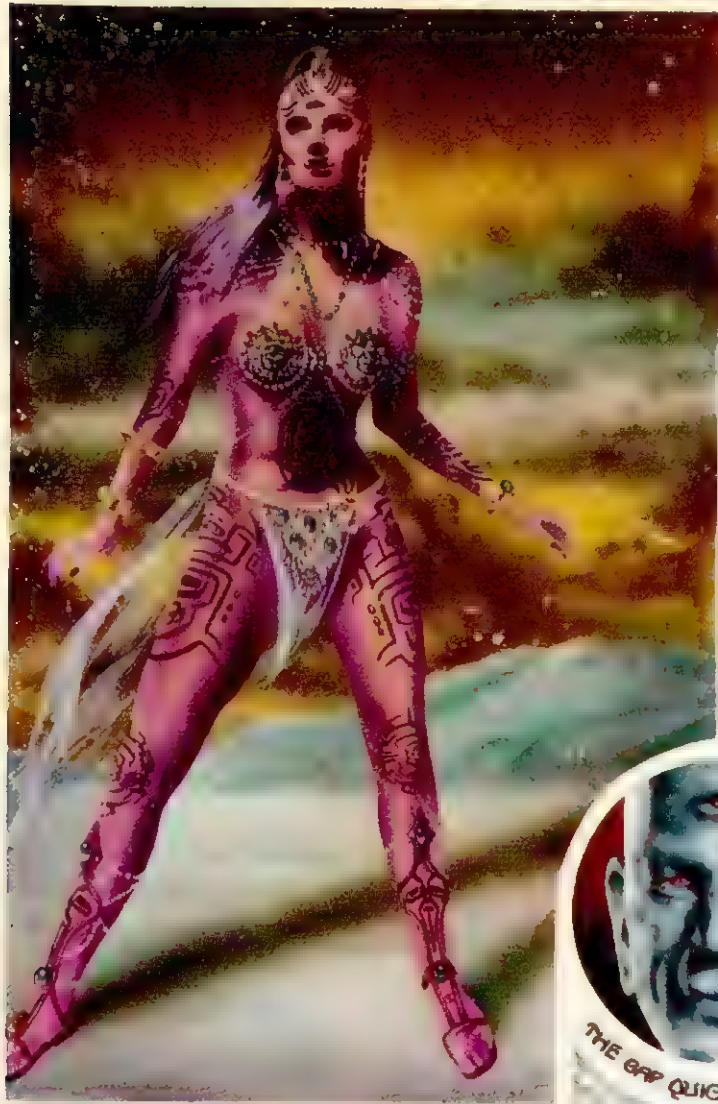
THEN AS HE WEAKENS, HE SEES THE CRYOGENIC BERG CRACKING OUT...
HE LEAPS FREE FROM NIURGAH'S GRASP--



--AND SHATTERS THE
ICE MORE BY HURL-
ING HIMSELF AT THE
FISSURE. AS THE
CLAT FREES ITSELF,
NIURGAH CONCENT-
RATES ON SAVING
HIS FOOD SUPPLY.
PYLOON RAGES FOR
QA!



PA IS FRIGHTENED--SHE HAS CAPTURED TWICE BEFORE BY PYLOON AND THOUGH SHE SECRETLY ENJOYS THIS MATING RITUAL, HER CONSCIOUSNESS RESISTS THE THOUGHT. REACHING HER HIDDEN SKYSLED, SHE ACTS SWIFTLY...



PYLOON THROUGH HIS ICE PRISON WATCHES THE SLED SPEED AWAY.

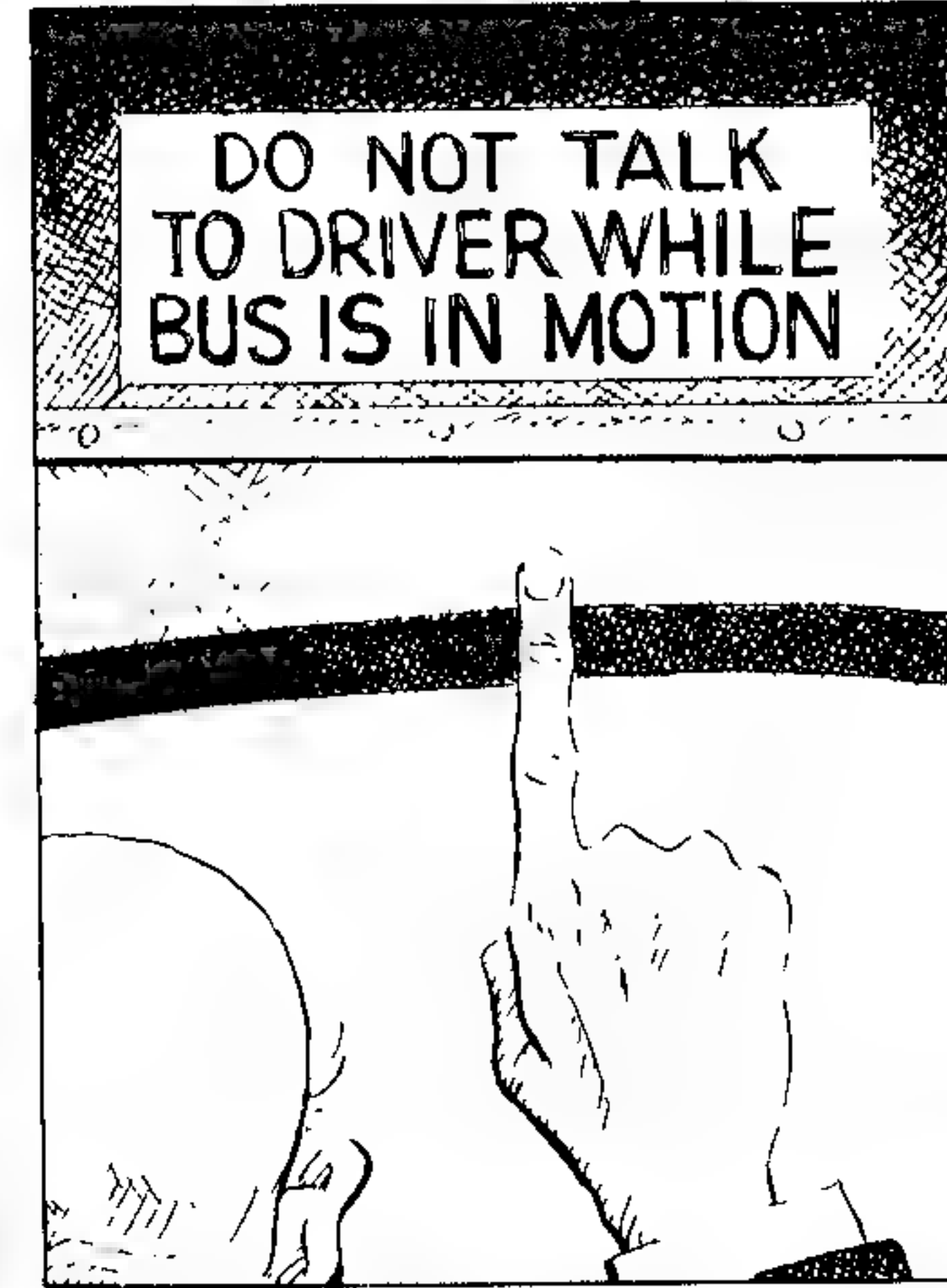
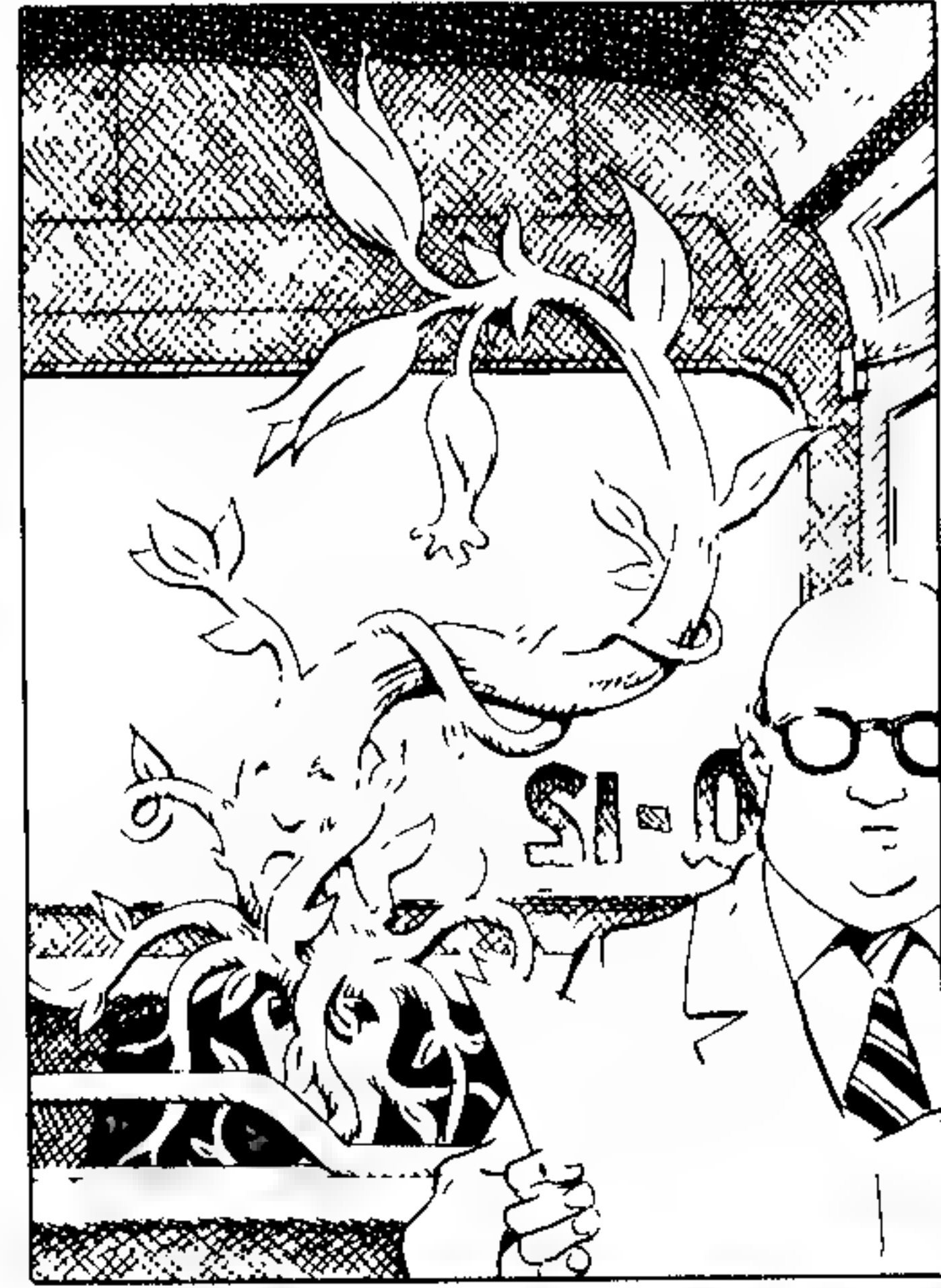


BENEATH HER SURGING ROCKETS, THE ICE GIVES WAY. PYLOON WINGS FOR HER SLED, FALLS--



FROM A DISTANCE HE HEARS HER TELEPATHIC DEER: "IT WILL TAKE TIME TO FREE YOURSELF, MY WONDERFUL, FIERCE PYLOON! UNTIL THEN, THINK HOW I AM ALWAYS YOUR SUPERIOR!"





FREAKS AMOUR

A Novel by
Tom De Haven

Cain and Abel in the 21st century.

April 18, 1988. A house in New Jersey explodes. The survivors of Caliban's Night mutate, turning into a small race of mystery freaks. The stage is set for tragic-comic fantasy about fraternal twins—one proud to be an anomaly, the other struggling to be normal—and about the difference between what we are, what we think we are, and what we'd like to be.

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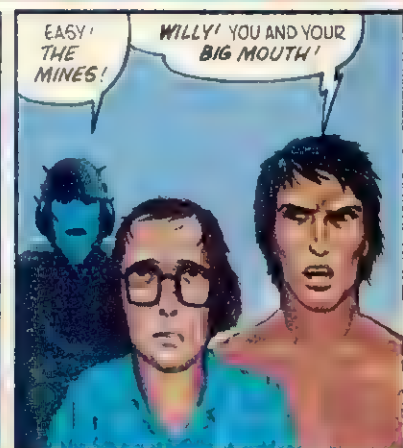
—SAM KOPERWAS
Author of *Westchester Bull*

\$9.95 hardcover; \$3.95 A Morrow Quill Paperback

WILLIAM MORROW

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE VII - ACCORDING TO PUBLILIUS SYRUS EVEN A SINGLE HAIR CASTS ITS SHADOW





PUT THE ROBOT AND THE TWO ALIENS ON THE CHAIN GANG...

I'VE GOT A SPECIAL TASK FOR THESE TWO HUMANS.



OKAY, YOU FOUR-EYES, HAVE TO CARRY THOSE STONE BLOCKS OVER TO *THERE*

AND YOU, BIG BOY HAVE TO CARRY THEM *BACK* AGAIN.

HA HA HA
HA HA
HA HA!



JUMP TO IT! BY THE END OF THE SHIFT I WANT TO SEE *EVERY* STONE THERE IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITION AS IT IS *NOW*!

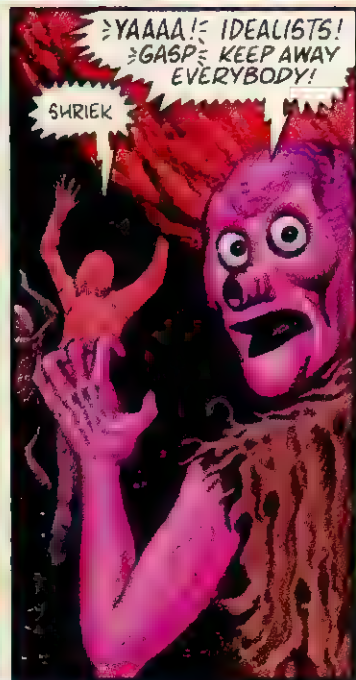
HA HA
HA HA!



HEY, HEY MAN! WHAT'S THE SCORE? ONLY THE SCUM GIT GENT DOWN HERE. THE DEPRAVED AND CORRUPT. MASOCHISTS SODOMITES, NECROPHILIACS... I'M A PEDERAST. WHAT YOU IN HERE FOR?..



HUH. IDEALISM...



YAAAA! IDEALISTS!
GASP! KEEP AWAY EVERYBODY!
SHRIEK



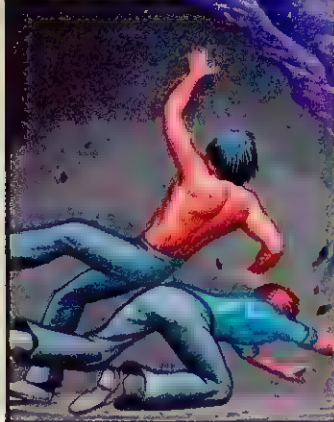
OK, BREAK TIME! Y'GOT A HALF-A CYCLE T'FEAST ON THIS RARE DELICACY.

YOU EARTHMEN! ALWAYS CAUSING TROUBLE!
GET OVER THERE WITH YOUR OWN KIND...

IN THE CORNER WITH
DOBTOYEVSKY AND TOLSTOY!

!?

DRINK THIS,
MY SON



AND THAT WAS HOW IT WAS ALL FAKED.
IT WAS MUCH THE SAME WITH FYODOR
MIKHAILOVICH HERE. DARK WAS THE
NIGHT, COLD WAS THE GROUND
FLYING SAUCERS AND BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN. YOU KNOW THE REST

BUT...ER. SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE
DIED OF OLD AGE BY NOW?

NO SUCH LUCK! THERE'S A MYSTERIOUS
QUALITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE HERE
HUMAN LIFE IS EXTENDED INDEFINITELY!

SORRY BOYS BUT THERE'S
NO LIMIT TO THE AMOUNT
OF SUFFERING AHEAD OF YOU



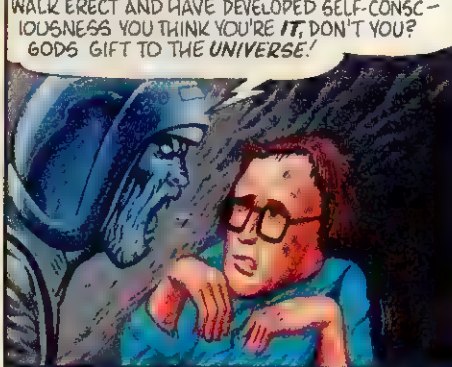
BREAK TIME IS OVER,
GET BACK TO WORK!

YOU, BOY!
COME HERE!

YOU WERE TWO MICROSECONDS SLOW IN GETTING ON
YOUR FEET! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BEING TWO
MICROSECONDS SLOW? YOU HUMAN BEINGS! YOU
REALLY GET ON MY NERVES.. JUST BECAUSE YOU
WALK ERECT AND HAVE DEVELOPED SELF-CONSC-
IOUSNESS YOU THINK YOU'RE IT, DON'T YOU?
GODS GIFT TO THE UNIVERSE!

YOU THINK HAVING RED BLOOD MAKES YOU
THE TOPS... GREEN IS JUST NOT GOOD
ENOUGH FOR YOU, IS IT? OH NO, IT HAS
TO BE RED AND WHAT'S MORE..
WARM TOO!! YECOH! YOU HOMO
SAPIENS... YOU MAKE ME PUKE!

MY GUT WRETCHES WHEN
I LAY SENSORS ON YOU!
AND YOU KNOW
WHAT ELSE ?!!



YOUR HEARTBEAT ANNOYS ME

ERE... SORRY



SORRY! SORRY!
AHA HA HA HA HA!
DID YOU HEAR THAT?

HE'S SORRY!

WHY YOU MISERABLE LITTLE TURD, IF YOU WERE REALLY
SORRY YOU'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT NOW,
WOULDN'T YOU?!

YOU JUST BETTER WATCH YOUR
STEP, YOU MANGY MAMMAL.
I'M GONNA BE LOOKIN' FOR YOU
FROM NOW ON!

HEY LORD NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I SEEN

OOOHH: MY ACHING BACK
MY POOR ARMS, MY LEGS
MY FINGERS, MY
FINGERNAILS!

YOU'LL GET USED TO IT/PRETTY
SOON YOU'LL BE SO NUMB YOU
WON'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE
IN PAIN...

THE DAYS WILL BLUR INTO WEEKS
THE WEEKS INTO YEARS THE YEARS
CENTURIES... CENTURIES, MILLENNIA
MILLENNIA INFINITY MUMBLE MUMBLE
GIGGLE BURP... THE DAYS WILL BLUR
INTO WEEKS... THE WEEKS INTO YEARS
THE YEARS, CENTURIES CENTURIES, MILLENNIA...

DON'T LET HIM BOTHER YOU, SURE THINGS
ARE BAD BUT THEY COULD BE WORSE!
WE GET FILMS FROM EARTH
TWICE A WEEK.

LAST WEEK IT WAS *WINGS OF THE ROAD* BY WIM WENDERS
AND *THIS SPORTING LIFE* BY LINDSAY ANDERSON.
AND ALL NEXT MONTH WE'RE GETTING *KUROSAWA*
AND *MIZOGUCHI* FILMS.

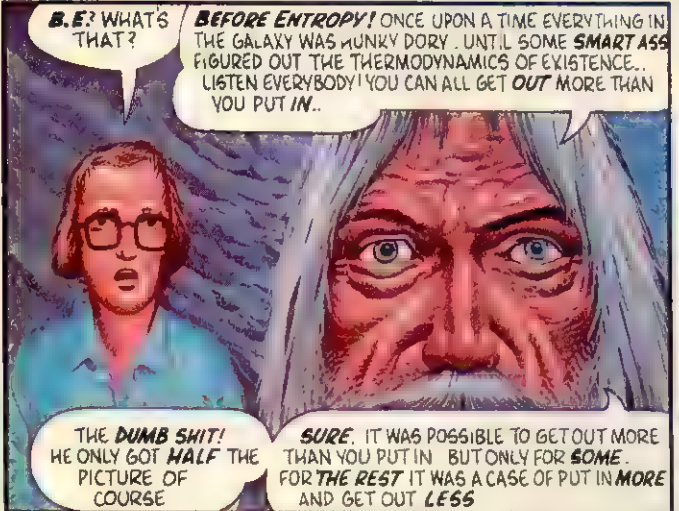
AND I STILL REMEMBER THE TIME I FIRST
SAW *FIVE EASY PIECES*, WOW!... COULDN'T VE
GOT THROUGH THE WEEK WITHOUT IT.

WE GET MOVIES EVERY SO OFTEN WHEN THEY
SMUGGLE IN WHOLE LOADS OF CONTRABAND
FROM EARTH YOU SHOULD SEE THE GUARDS
QUARTERS... ONE-ARMED BANDITS, POOL-
TABLES, COLOR TV'S... THE WORKS!



HEY! WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS?

AUTOMATIC DIGGERS AND LEVELLERS THEIR COMPUTER CIRCUITS GIVE THEM A SORT OF RUDIMENTARY AWARENESS THEY'RE A.WAYS PROTESTING ABOUT THE INFUX OF HUMAN LABOUR DON'T BLAME THEM MYSELF.. ABOUT THIRTY YEARS B.E. THEY DID **ALL** THIS WORK.

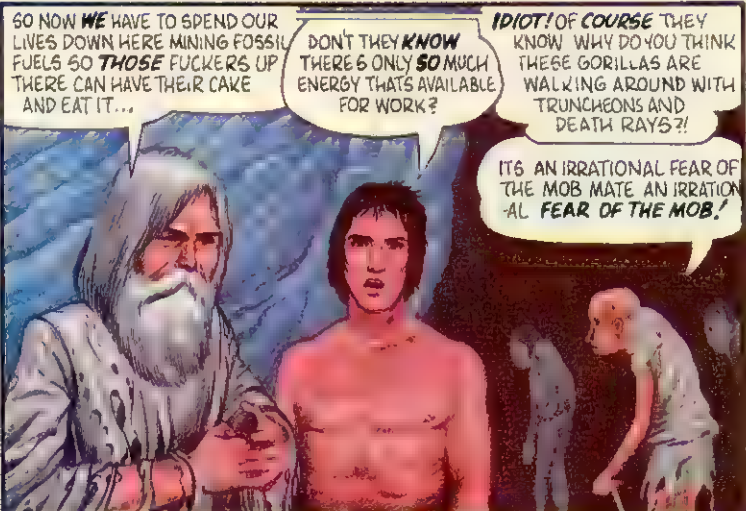


B.E.? WHAT'S THAT?

BEFORE ENTROPY! ONCE UPON A TIME EVERYTHING IN THE GALAXY WAS MUNKY DORY.. UNTIL SOME **SMART ASS** FIGURED OUT THE THERMODYNAMICS OF EXISTENCE.. LISTEN EVERYBODY! YOU CAN ALL GET **OUT** MORE THAN YOU PUT IN..

THE **DUMB SHIT!** HE ONLY GOT **HALF** THE PICTURE OF COURSE

SURE. IT WAS POSSIBLE TO GET OUT MORE THAN YOU PUT IN BUT ONLY FOR **SOME**. FOR **THE REST** IT WAS A CASE OF PUT IN **MORE** AND GET OUT **LESS**

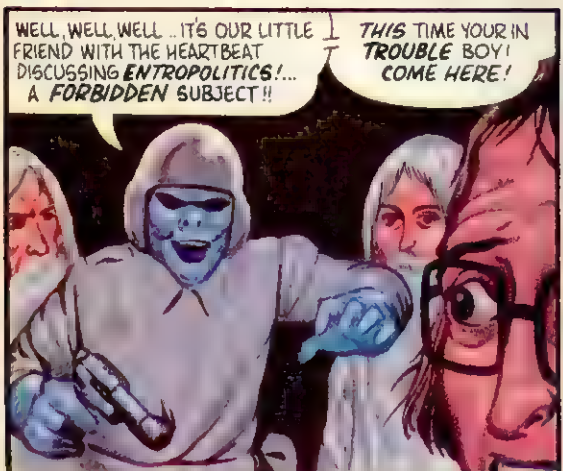


SO NOW **WE** HAVE TO SPEND OUR LIVES DOWN HERE MINING FOSSIL FUELS SO **THOSE** FUCKERS UP THERE CAN HAVE THEIR CAKE AND EAT IT...

DON'T THEY **KNOW** THERE'S ONLY **SO** MUCH ENERGY THAT'S AVAILABLE FOR WORK?

IDIOT! OF COURSE THEY KNOW WHY DO YOU THINK THESE GORILLAS ARE WALKING AROUND WITH TRUNCHEONS AND DEATH RAYS?!

IT'S AN IRRATIONAL FEAR OF THE MOB MATE AN IRRATIONAL **FEAR OF THE MOB!**



WELL, WELL, WELL... IT'S OUR LITTLE FRIEND WITH THE HEARTBEAT DISCUSSING **ENTROPOLITICS!**... A **FORBIDDEN** SUBJECT!!

THIS TIME YOUR IN TROUBLE BOY! COME HERE!



RUN EVERYBODY

SOCK IT TO 'EM YOUSE GUYS

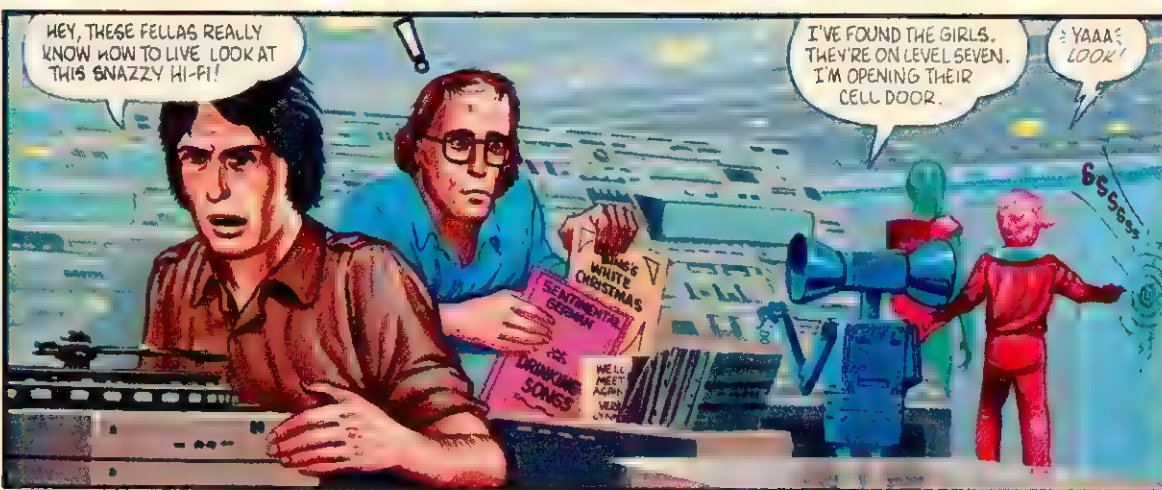


THEY'RE IN CORRIDOR SIXTEEN SUB-SYSTEM FOUR... LOCKED THEMSELVES IN THE GUARDS MESS-ROOM COMMANDER

OKAY.. BURN YOUR WAY IN

WHY DON'T THEY JUST SURRENDER WE **ALL** HAVE TO **COMPROMISE** DON'T WE!

LET ME **AT** 'EM! I'LL **RIP** THEIR THROATS OUT AN **DRINK** THEIR BLOOD?



HEY, THESE FELLAS REALLY KNOW HOW TO LIVE. LOOK AT THIS SNAZZY HI-FI!

I'VE FOUND THE GIRLS. THEY'RE ON LEVEL SEVEN. I'M OPENING THEIR CELL DOOR.

YAAA! LOOK!



CALM DOWN. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.



HEY! THEY'RE PLAYING OUR TUNE!

I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS

SOB: THAT SONG REALLY BREAKS ME UP!



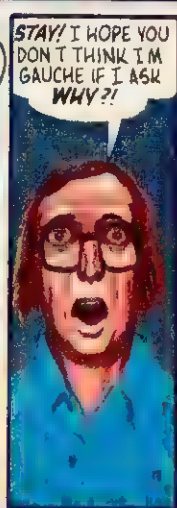
WHERE THE TREETOPS GLISTEN...

IT FIGURES WITH ALL THOSE DEATH-RAYS AND MIND-SHIELDS. THAT INDESTRUCTIBLE ARMOUR AND OVERBEARING MACHISMO THEY JUST HAD TO BE INSUFFERABLE ROMANTICS UNDERNEATH



HEY! LEO NIKOLAYEVICH! FYODOR MIKHAILOVICH! C'MON THIS IS YOUR CHANCE!

ER WE'RE **NOT** COMING WITH YOU WILLY LEO AND I HAVE DECIDED TO **STAY**.

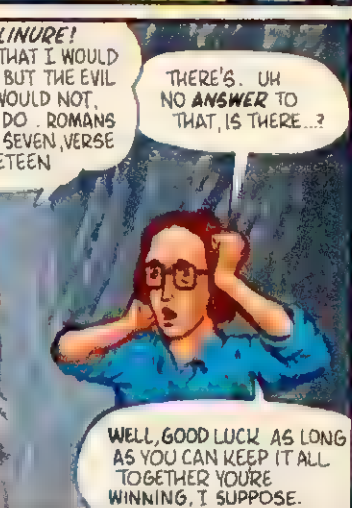


STAY! I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M GAUCHE IF I ASK **WHY?**



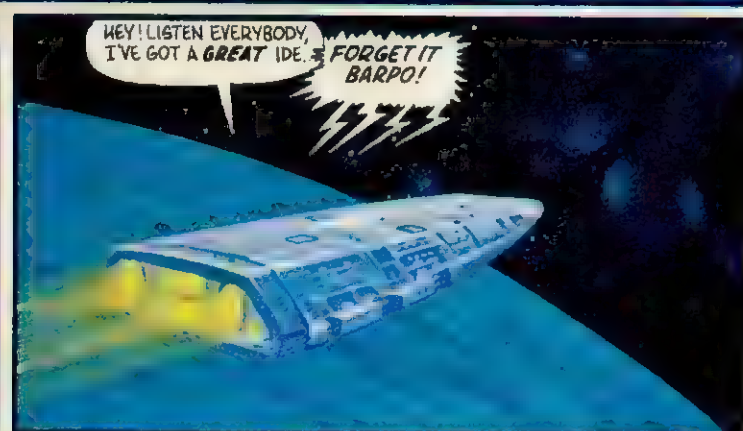
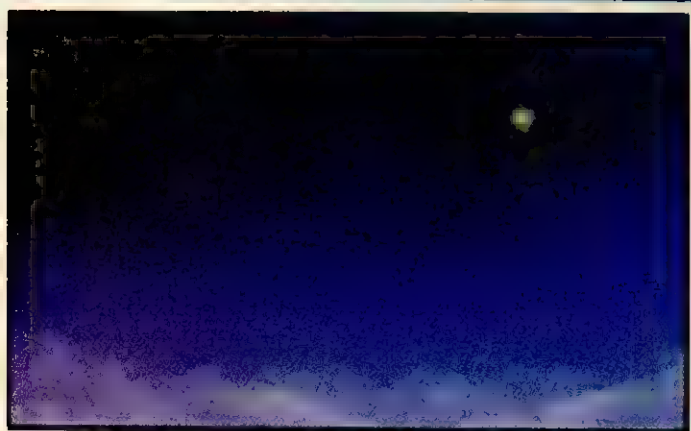
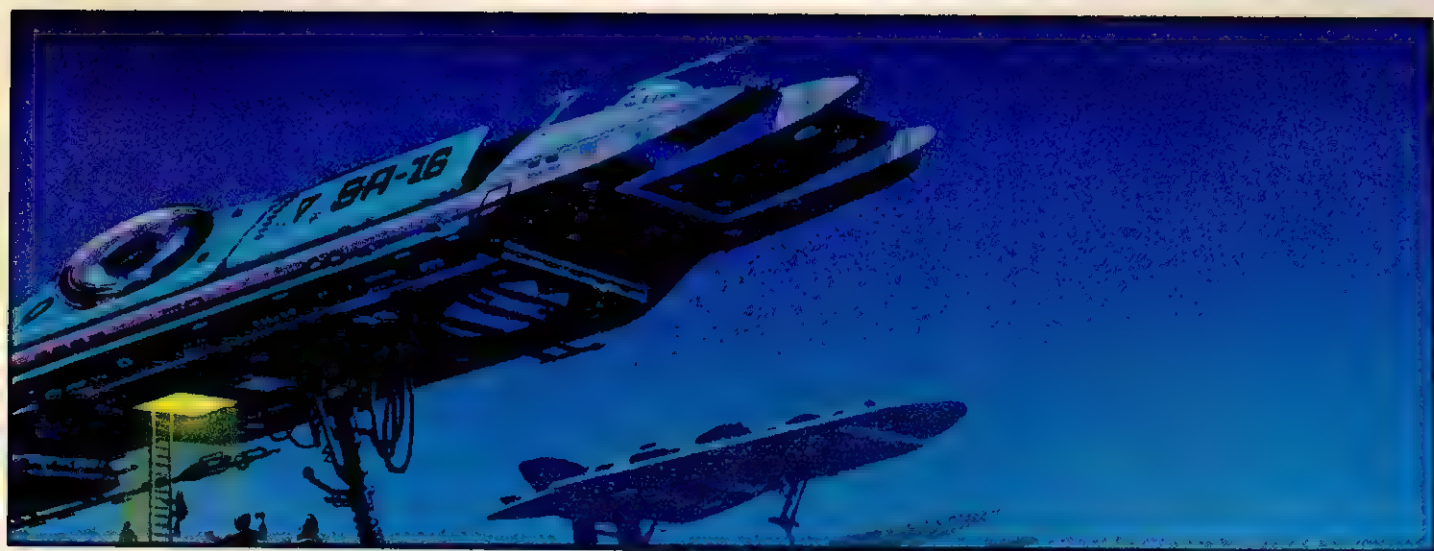
THAT'S A SIMPLE QUESTION TO ASK, WILLY, AND A VERY DIFFICULT ONE TO ANSWER. TELL HIM FYODOR ...

ECCE PALINURE! 'THE GOOD THAT I WOULD I DO NOT, BUT THE EVIL WHICH I WOULD NOT, THAT I DO. ROMANS CHAPTER SEVEN, VERSE NINETEEN



THERE'S. UH NO ANSWER TO THAT, IS THERE...?

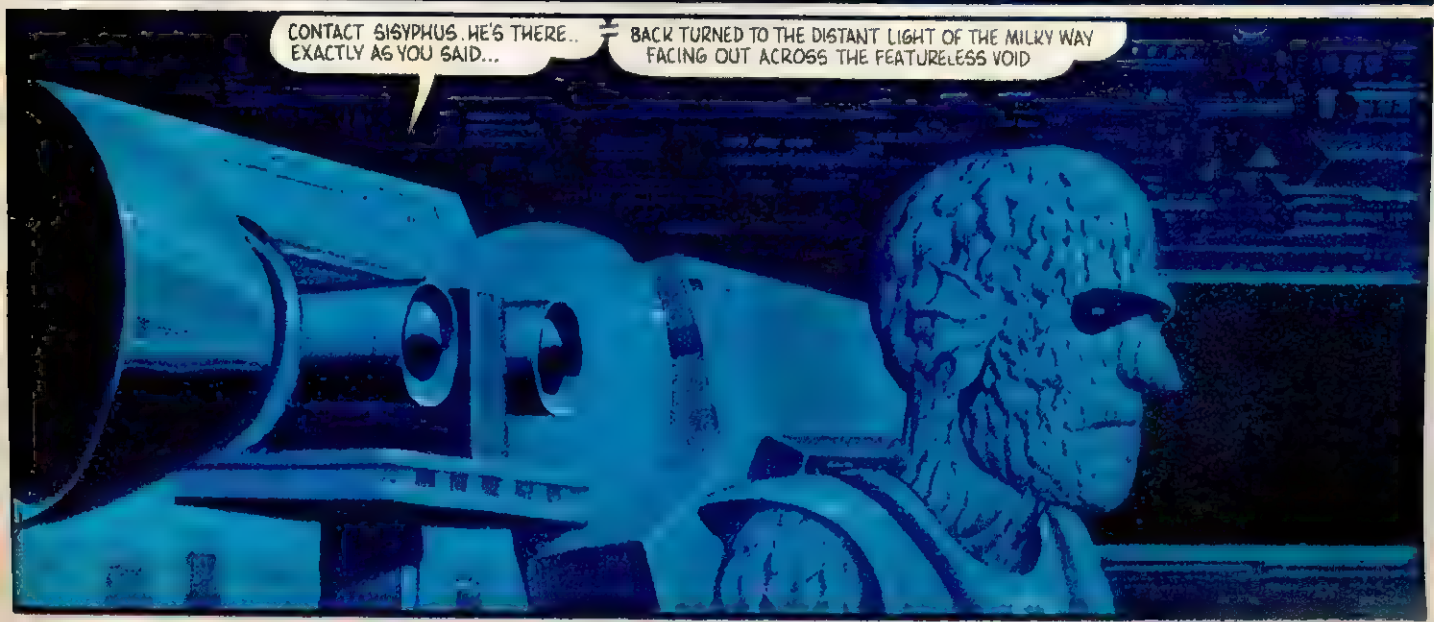
WELL, GOOD LUCK AS LONG AS YOU CAN KEEP IT ALL TOGETHER YOU'RE WINNING, I SUPPOSE.



TITAN WHY HAS IT BEEN GETTING **DARKER** FOR THE LAST FEW HOURS?

WE'RE AT THE VERY **EDGE** OF THE GALAXY, WILLY

JUST AHEAD OF US THERE'S A **BILLION** LIGHT-YEARS OF NEAR TOTAL VACUUM



CONTACT SISYPHUS. HE'S THERE... EXACTLY AS YOU SAID...

BACK TURNED TO THE DISTANT LIGHT OF THE MILKY WAY FACING OUT ACROSS THE FEATURELESS VOID



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The Heavy Metal T-shirt. A knockout.

Proven best in intergalactic tests, *Heavy Metal* T-shirts of 100% cotton outlasted metallic fibers, 6y x⁹. French-cut sleeves allow full mobility in any gravitational field. Bold *Heavy Metal* logo, flocked to the thickness of fine industrial carpeting, stands out in the darkest regions of time and/or space.



Available on Planet Earth *only* by mail from *Heavy Metal*. Black or red, small, medium, or large. Six dollars each, plus sixty cents for postage and handling.

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Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me _____ *Heavy Metal* T-shirt(s) at \$6.00 plus 60¢ per shirt.

Black ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐
Red ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



